

MY EBENEZER

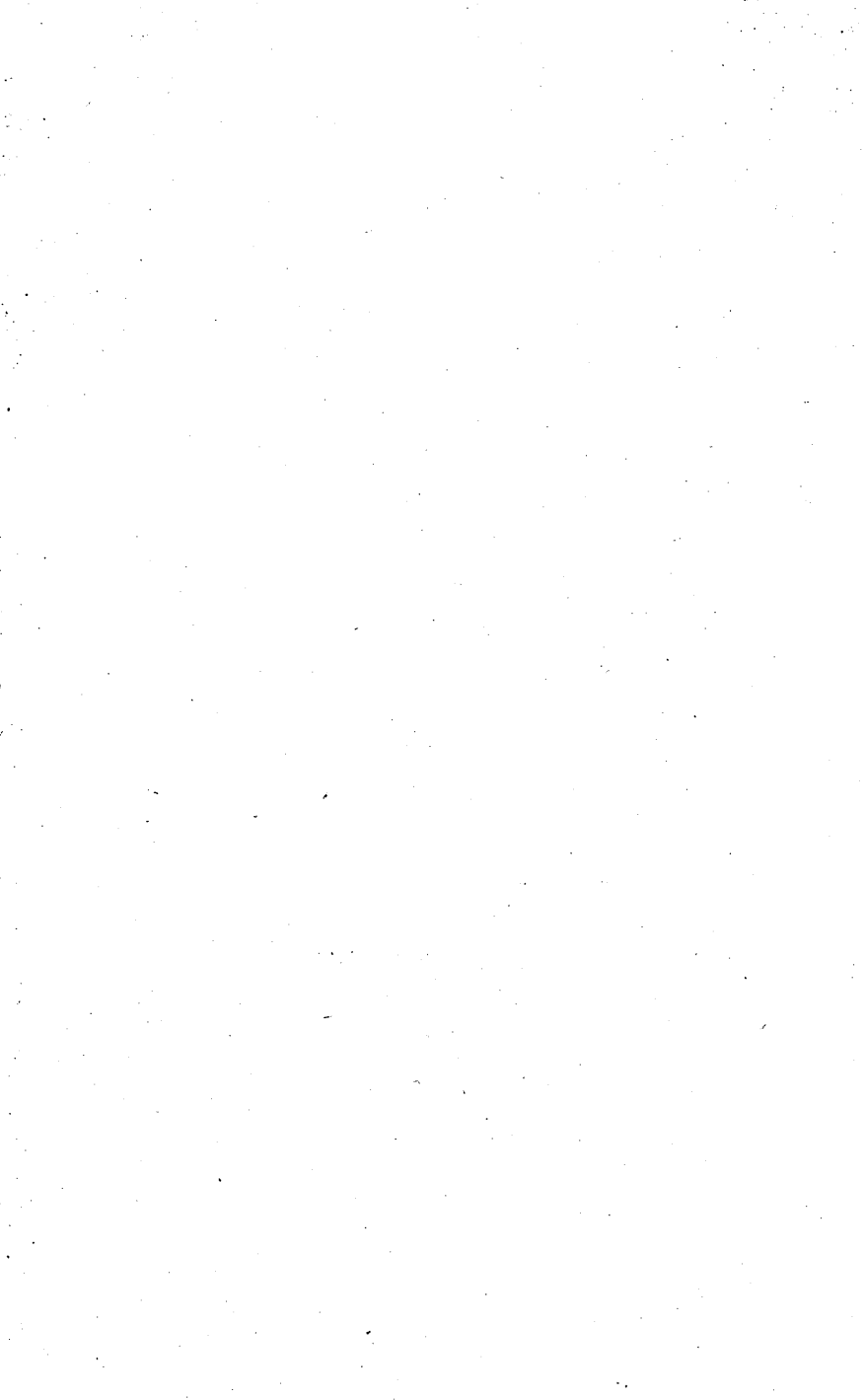
A PERSONAL TESTIMONY
TO THE FAITHFULNESS OF
A PRAYER-HEARING GOD

By

WILLIAM H. NOWACK

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My Ebenezer

A Personal Testimony
to the Faithfulness of
a Prayer-hearing God.

by

WILLIAM H. NOWACK
Former Missionary to China

"O thou who answereth prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come."
PSALM 65:2.

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WILLIAM H. NOWACK



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DEDICATION

To my dear brother, Carl F. Nowack, and his wife, who during our thirty-nine years in China, have been faithfully carrying on the homeland secretarial work of the Ebenezer Mission, and who in many other ways have also been our most ardent and liberal supporters; and to all who have had a share in the Ebenezer work, either by their prayers, gifts, or service, this volume is lovingly and gratefully dedicated.

Wm. H. Nowack.

FOREWORD

There hardly seems to be any need for my writing even an introductory note to this book of my beloved Brother William Nowack. The book speaks eloquently for itself, and it has been a joy and a privilege to read the manuscript. I have been greatly edified by its perusal and I feel assured the book will be a blessing, and will help every reader toward a fuller and more humble understanding of the faithfulness and loving kindness of our prayer-hearing God.

May the Lord, therefore, who has enabled Brother Nowack to write of these marvellous answers to prayer, experienced through long years of service, accompany this Testimony with his richest blessings, open many doors and hearts for it, and make it a blessing to all of its readers.

KARL A. MUELLER,
Episcopus Fratrum.

Kansas City, Missouri,
June, 1946.

INTRODUCTION

The first thought of putting these answers to prayer into writing was suggested to me a decade or more ago. After relating some of them to a fellow missionary in China, he said to me, "Brother Nowack, I feel you ought to put some of these answers to prayer into print, as I am sure they would be just as helpful and inspiring to others as they have just been to me." After that similar suggestions were made by others, while at the same time more answers to prayer were being added, thus forcing upon me the growing and irresistible conviction to comply with the suggestions of these friends, and to proceed with the task of writing my testimony. This was begun on board the S. S. Cornville while coming home on our last furlough, March 1938, and finished up to date before returning to China the following year, 1939. Owing to poor health and various other reasons, however, I was unable to proceed with its publication, and obliged to return to China greatly disappointed because of this unfinished task. But I can see clearly now, as I could not then, that this disappointment was his appointment. The Lord saw that the story was still incomplete, and that the "Crowning answers to years of prayer," recorded in chapter 24 to be experienced during our last term of service, were needed to complete it.

With but few exceptions, respectively noted, these answers to prayer have been largely written from memory, and therefore include only some of the more outstanding cases. Were I to record all that I have experienced from the time of my conversion until now, a considerably larger volume would be required. Those recorded, in as far as possible, have been arranged in their chronological order, so as to give the record somewhat of an auto-biographical aspect or semblance, thus terminating with the crowning answers of the last chapters.

As the book is to be a simple record or testimony of answered prayer, much that would ordinarily have been included in a missionary auto-biography, or in the history of a work or mission, has been omitted, though some features of both have entered in when forming the background in the recorded prayers and their respective answers.

The testimony being primarily intended for the immediate circle of our homeland constituency, many of whom are quite intimately acquainted with our family history, much of a personal character, which might ordinarily have been omitted, has entered in.

While my pen has not been that of a ready writer, I praise God that by his grace I have been enabled to complete my task. I feel that a note of thanks is also due to those who have had a share in the typing, reading, and correcting of the manuscript. In the spirit of "such as I have I give," and with the additional prayer that through this testimony many may learn to know, or to know better, the God who answers prayer, that some lives may be laid on his altar for service on the mission field, at home or abroad, and that above all his Name may thereby be glorified, it is now being sent forth on its errand of witnessing for him.

"HERE I RAISE MY EBENEZER;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home."

WM. H. NOWACK.

CONTENTS

1	My First Prayer and its Abundant Answer.....	11
2	My First Experience of Healing in Answer to Prayer.....	14
3	Answers to Prayer in Connection with My Missionary Call.....	17
4	Prayers for Guidance and Their Respective Answers	20
5	Answers to Prayer Experienced during our Mountain Work in Tenn.	24
6	Marvelous Answers to Prayer Accompanying our Call to China	26
7	Answers to Prayer Experienced During our First Year in China	30
8	Some Kikungshan Prayers and Their Answers.....	33
9	Answers to Prayers Experienced in Opening our Miyang Work	36
10	A Prayed Down Revival	42
11	When Prayer was Turned into Praise.....	50
12	How the Lord Supplied the Needs of our Miyang Street Chapel	58
13	Trophies of Answered Prayers—Souls won and Laborers thrust forth	61
14	Remarkable Healing in Answer to Prayer	79
15	Demons Cast out in Jesus' Name	97
16	Deliverances From the Bandits in Answer to Prayer.....	106
17	Journeying Mercies	114
18	A Gentle Reminder of "Everything by Prayer".....	122
19	A Prayer-Victory Over the Communists.....	124
20	A Stronghold of Satan Taken by Prayer.....	127
21	Prayer's Triumph over Hidden Sins, Another God-sent Revival	129
22	A Seemingly Unanswered Prayer with a Triple Answer.....	134
23	Material Things Received in Answer to Prayer.....	136
24	Crowning Answers to Years of Prayer (In three parts)	141
25	The Story of our Exodus from China. A Multiplication Miracle.	157
26	Closing Testimony, Confession, and Praise.....	167

CHAPTER I.

MY FIRST REAL PRAYER AND ITS ABUNDANT ANSWER

"I love Jehovah, because he heareth my voice and my supplication. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." Ps. 116:1,2.

"He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay; and he set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in Jehovah." Ps. 40:2,3.

All who have been truly born again of the Spirit of God know that there is a tremendous and vital difference between "saying prayers" and actually praying. Though my dear mother, whose memory will ever be sacred to all of her children, faithfully taught us to "say prayers," when tucking us into bed at night, it is only the Holy Spirit, the great mother Spirit of God, that can truly teach us how to pray. As far as I can remember, I do not recollect ever having truly prayed, or ever experiencing a definite answer to prayer, until the one recorded in this chapter.

It was in the spring of 1892, at the age of eighteen, when under his mighty convicting power I was brought to realize my lost and undone condition before God, that I gave vent to this first real prayer, a prayer for my soul's salvation. While I had been baptized as an infant, was confirmed at the age of fourteen, and during all my early years had attended more or less regularly the Sunday school and church services, during which time much precious seed had no doubt been sown in my heart, I had not yet experienced that change of heart known as the new birth. Until that time I had, like many others, been quite content with "a form of godliness without knowing the power thereof." 2 Tim. 3:5.

Though during my confirmation period my heart had been deeply touched, even to such an extent that, when during the passion week the precious story of our Lord's suffering and death was being read, the tears would trickle down my cheeks, my life remained unchanged, and I went on in my own sinful ways as before.

In the good providence of God one of our young people, who had come into contact with the Christian Endeavor movement while visiting with her relatives in the East, was led of God to organize a C. E. Society in our home church. This society, which was then being mightily used of the Lord to the conversion of many young people all over the United States, was, under the blessing of God, destined to also become a great spiritual factor in the lives of many of our Watertown people, and very especially so in my own. But it was not without a great conflict with Satan, who did his very utmost to hinder me from attending the meetings, and from finally becoming one of its members.

I still remember very vividly how, when two of its charter members called upon me to invite me to a prayer-meeting held on Sunday nights, I frankly told them that I attended the Sunday school and church services every Sunday morning and thought that was about all the religion that I needed. As I was still unwilling to give up the things of the world I was then enjoying, I also informed them that I would never be able to live up to their Christian Endeavor pledge. But praise the Lord, He is victor, and it was not very long before He had conquered me. Only a few Sunday nights later, two of the young men attending the society met me on my way to a thretre, one of my favorite amusements at that time, and after considerable coaxing and urging finally succeeded in persuading me to attend my first Christian Endeavor prayer meeting.

I shall never forget that meeting nor the hymn: "What shall the harvest be?" sung as a solo by one of the members that night! Every word of that hymn with its solemn and pointed question went straight to my heart and was still ringing in my ears as I tried to go to sleep that night and again as I awoke on the following

morning. For three days and three nights I was fairly haunted by this question as it brought to my memory all the sins of my boyhood years. By the third night this conviction of sin had reached such a climax that my very bed seemed to be turned into a literal hell, so that I was unable and afraid to go to sleep with the awful weight of guilt then resting upon me. Before that time I had, like most of the human family, been laboring under the delusion that I was just a little better than others. As I saw myself in the blazing light of God's awful holiness that night, I felt that I was indeed the chief of sinners.

About midnight, when unable to endure this weight of guilt any longer, I arose from my bed, threw myself upon my knees, and there in my room prayed my first real prayer, which was: "God, be merciful to me a sinner." I also told the Lord, right then and there, that if He would forgive my sins, and save me from them I would serve him the rest of my days, and that I would be willing to go to the ends of the earth to preach his Gospel, should that be his will for me.

That prayer for pardon was soon graciously answered, and there at the foot of the cross, where I then seemed to be kneeling, "The burden of my heart rolled away." As that precious chorus,

"At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light
And the burdens of my heart rolled away;
It was there by faith I received my sight,
And now I am happy all the day."

which was sung at that same Sunday night meeting, took the place of the convicting question, "What shall the harvest be?" The frown of God's holy Law was exchanged for the smile of his redeeming grace, while my heart was filled to overflowing with the joy of his salvation. As I again returned to my bed, which before had seemed like a little hell, because of my conviction of sin, to me it now seemed transformed into a veritable heaven, so that, because of my newly found joy, I was unable to go to sleep.

I am glad to be able to add that all my love for worldly plea-

asures such as drinking, card playing, theatre-going, Sunday picnics and baseball, which I had been unwilling to give up before, were all taken away that night: Jesus had satisfied me so completely with himself that I had no further desire for the husks of this world. I had begun to experience the truth of his own precious word found in John 4:14: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst again, but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

So great was the change that came into my life at that time that my worldly, though church-going friends who were still in the old paths that I had left, could not understand it but seemed to think that "Nowack had gone clean out of his mind on religion." Up to that time the Bible had been to me a dry and closed book for which I had little or no desire and hence seldom, if ever, read. Nor had I any desire for prayer, or for the sweet fellowship with my Lord at the Throne of Grace. From that happy day, however, his Word has been my daily companion, a light to my feet and a guide to my path, and his Throne of Grace my constant refuge.

In closing this chapter it might be well to add that this Christian Endeavor society, through which I was saved, became the "primary department" of my missionary training school, for which I have never ceased to be grateful.

CHAPTER II.

MY FIRST EXPERIENCE OF HEALING IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

"I am the Lord that healeth thee." Ex. 15:26.

"Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases."

Psalm 103:3.

As this first case of healing, experienced about two years after my conversion, forms an important link in the chain of some of my first answers to prayer, it is being recorded here in its chronological

order instead of with those of chapter 14, entitled *Remarkable Healings in Answer to Prayer*. In that chapter I have cited quite a number of later healings experienced among our Chinese and in our own family circle.

When offering this my first prayer for physical restoration I knew absolutely nothing of the doctrine of "Divine Healing," and still less of its relation to the atonement. I was just beginning to know the God who answers prayer, and it was through simple faith in him that I was restored as the following account will show.

It was a year or two after my conversion that I suffered a severe physical collapse. This was probably largely due to some of the wild oats I had sown during my earlier years. Though the Lord had forgiven these sins, I was still reaping their physical harvest and but for his saving and keeping grace might have gone to an early grave, and what would have been still worse, to a Christless Eternity.

After a thorough examination by a local physician, I was told that my right lung and both of my kidneys were badly affected, and was advised to go to a certain Chicago specialist for further examination and treatment. This specialist, like our local physician, informed me that my case was a very serious one but sought to comfort me by adding that a change of climate to Colorado or California might prove beneficial. As I had neither the means nor the desire for such a trip and no one who could go with me, I committed my case entirely to the Lord, which I have learned through years of experience since is always and under all circumstances the best and wisest thing for a child of God to do. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass." Psalm 37:5.

Though I went back to my Chicago stopping place with the tears trickling down my cheeks along the way and gave vent to another good cry upon my arrival there, it was not very long before I found relief. That very same afternoon in the quiet of my little room the dear Lord drew very near, assuring me that the offer of my life for his service, made to him on the night when He saved

me, had been accepted, and that He was abundantly able to heal me in spite of what my physician had said. So great and real was the assurance thus given, that I at once wrote a letter to my dear mother telling her what the doctor had said but adding that if God wanted me to be his missionary, He was fully able to heal me. With the joy of this assurance and his blessing upon the treatment prescribed by my Chicago physician, I soon began to improve. Within two months I had gained about ten pounds in weight, though it was not until some time later that I was sufficiently restored to again resume my regular work.

A young relative, two or three years my junior and at that time in the very prime of young womanhood, who understood that I was dying with T. B. and had sympathetically expressed her regrets to that effect by saying, "It is too bad that Willie has to go so young," died of what seemed to be a case of appendicitis several weeks later, while I by the grace of God have been privileged to spend over fifty years in the Lord's service since. "How unsearchable are his judgements and his ways past finding out."

The above was my first answer to prayer for healing, which although gradual, was used to introduce me to Christ as the Healer of my body as well as the great Physician of my soul.

Part of the convalescing period of the above mentioned illness was spent with relatives on a farm near Scribner, Nebraska, during which time I attended the services of the Scribner Congregational church of which the Rev. M. B. Harrison was then the pastor. There I also took an active part in the young people's work, which I greatly enjoyed. This visit, as you will note later, was in the providence of God destined to become a very important link in the chain of many more answers to prayer in the future. Hence that sickness proved to be a true fulfilment of Romans 8:28, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose," a verse quoted to me in a letter received from a dear missionary friend laboring in Jamaica at the time.

CHAPTER III.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER IN CONNECTION WITH MY MISSIONARY CALL

"And I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me." Isa. 6:8.

After recovering to a large extent from the illness recorded in the preceding chapter, as a result of which I had been obliged to give up my former position as dry goods clerk, I accepted another position in a store in Addison, North Dakota. This change promised to be more conducive to the further restoration of my health. While there I formed an intimate friendship with a Christian young woman of some means to whom I became engaged some time later after returning to my Wisconsin home.

This engagement held out to me two pleasing prospects: one, the establishment of a truly Christian home of my own, and the other, that of going into business for myself. Both of these loomed large on the horizon of my immediate future, and for the time being quite eclipsed my missionary vision. As I recognize them now, I believe they were subtle temptations gradually thrust upon me by the enemy to draw me away from the path that had been marked out for me. "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them," Eph. 2:10, and were the substitution of *man's better* for *God's best*, in whose good and overruling providence they were not permitted to mature.

Several months after I had become engaged, I attended an inspiring missionary conference, held at the Watertown Bible School in my own home town. At this gathering the claims of the mission field were pressed upon those present as I never had heard them pressed before. And oh, how they did grip me! I could hardly

stay in my seat and just felt like shouting out at the very top of my voice: "Here am I, send me." I cannot tell you just how I felt! The promise I had made to the Lord, when He saved me and his reassuring acceptance of the same when I prayed for my restoration that very trying day in Chicago, both came back to me with renewed emphasis that night. It was at this conference, too, that I also heard for the first time those two grand old hymns, now so familiar to Christians everywhere, "I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord" and "Trust and obey." Both of them served to drive God's call and claim to the mission field still deeper into my soul. But how could I go? Had I not already become engaged to one who had no call in that direction and whose one great ambition for me was that of a business career? What could I do? Only one thing, and that was to pray. And that I surely did, for so great was the burden of prayer laid upon me that night that I could not even wait until I had reached my home but knelt down in a quiet corner along the way, where I poured out my heart to God in prayer, feeling assured He would answer. I told him right then and there that if He himself would sever that engagement, in such a way that no dishonor would be brought upon his Name, I would be more than glad to give up all my prospects and plans of becoming a business man and still be his missionary. That prayer was answered in his own miraculous way, and sooner than I had expected. From that very time this young lady's correspondence began gradually to decrease, until several months later I received a letter from her, informing me that her guardian (her parents both being dead) was seriously objecting to her engagement to a consumptive young man like myself, and that, much as she regretted to do so, she felt constrained to act upon his advice and to sever our engagement. Tears of mingled joy and regret filled my eyes as I read that letter, but the joy of knowing that God was leading me back into his own blessed will in answer to my prayer and that I was still to have the privilege of being his missionary by far outweighed all that had to be counted as loss in the way of material prospects for his dear sake.

The second prayer in connection with this renewed call was that the Lord would speedily open the way for me to enter a Bible training school in which I might receive the necessary preparation. The answer to this prayer had already been partially granted even before it was uttered as the Bible School which had been only recently opened in Watertown, my own home town, exactly suited my need, and in view of my still delicate health this seemed to be his own clear leading and would afford at least a part of my necessary training.

And this brings me to my third petition, intimately connected with the second, which was also God's remarkable answer to both. I asked the Lord to make my employer, into whose service I had entered only shortly before, willing to accept me on half day service. This would enable me to attend the Bible School lectures in the morning, to serve in the store in the afternoon, and to study at night. I also asked the Lord to put it into his heart to give me a certain amount per month, which I considered reasonable and sufficient to cover my expenses. Both of these requests were graciously granted, and the exact amount for which I had prayed was offered for my services, thus opening the way for me to enter the Bible School.

This school, which carried on for only several years, held a double purpose for my future life work, as it was there that I not only received my Bible training but also met the one destined to become my companion for the mission field; and, as far as I remember, she and I were the only two students to go forth as foreign missionaries from that institution, though a number of the students entered upon home missionary work.

There is just one more answer to prayer that I might mention in connection with the above, and that is that my father who had been bitterly opposed to everything religious in our home and whose opposition to my going to the Bible School I had greatly feared, had become fully reconciled to my taking this step and even seemed to take a certain measure of pride in the fact that his oldest son, William, was to become a missionary. This great change in father's attitude could not have been brought about in any other way than

in answer to prayer as I had previously been warned by a member of the family that he would surely put me out of the home if I insisted on going to that Bible School.

There is still one more and precious answer to prayer which should be related here in connection with the above, though it occurred some years later: that is my father's conversion. This took place about three weeks before his death, after he had been made the subject of much earnest prayer for some years.

CHAPTER IV.

PRAYERS FOR GUIDANCE AND THEIR RESPECTIVE ANSWERS

"So he was their shepherd according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands." Psalm 78:72.

After the Lord had saved me He gave me three distinct and definite calls, each calling forth its own prayers and their respective answers. The first, his call to the mission field, already dwelt upon in the previous chapter. The second, his call to a life of faith recorded in this chapter; and the third, his definite call to China, dealt with in chapter six.

It was while attending the Watertown Bible School that I received this second call, that of looking directly to God alone for the supply of my every need. While the Christian life is essentially a walk of faith, not all, nor even the majority of God's people are called to that particular kind which makes them absolutely dependant on him alone, apart from any human channel or organization. Such was his choice and call for me. I felt confident, too, that had I failed to obey that call, I could never have learned to know him as the faithful and prayer-hearing God to the extent that I did, which, I am sorry to say, is still far from what it might have been.

Through the five years spent in Orphanage Work in Tennessee

and the thirty-nine years of our missionary labors in China, including our homeland furloughs, He has abundantly demonstrated to me the genuineness of this call. Though I am keenly aware of the fact that I have often failed to glorify him as fully as I might have done, He has never failed me, but has always proven himself more than faithful in supplying our every need, both temporal and spiritual for the family as well as for the Mission. "HE ABIDETH FAITHFUL." While such a walk is not always an easy one and there have been times when I keenly felt my aloneness, and like Israel of old longed to be "like the nations (missionaries) round about me," I believe that this path of faith has, without doubt, been the one marked out and best suited to me for my own training and perfecting.

But now to proceed to the main subject of this chapter, containing some of his own answers to prayer for immediate guidance, which it has been my privilege to experience in connection with such a call of faith.

While earnestly waiting upon him for guidance during the latter part of my Bible school days, I received a letter from the Rev. M. B. Harrison of Scribner, Nebraska, already referred to in chapter two, inviting me for a series of meetings. During these meetings I was asked to give them a course of Bible studies along dispensational or prophetic lines. He also assured me that he would do all he could to secure other openings for me in that vicinity.

The Scribner meetings, I am glad to say, were graciously owned and blessed of the Lord with the result that other doors were opened for a similar ministry in some of the adjoining towns. Two of the friends attending these meetings were a Dr. and Mrs. Person from Dodge, one of the nearby towns, through whom I was later invited there. These dear friends were, in the providence of God, destined to later become my true fellow-helpers in the Gospel, and very important factors in our future missionary work.

When invited by them to Dodge, it was with the understanding that I was to be the guest of their pastor, but this plan was changed upon my arrival. A heavy snow storm having set in the day before,

their traveling Sunday school missionary, who was obliged to stop off there on that account at the same time, was entertained at the parsonage, while I was sent to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Person instead. This might seem like a small and insignificant incident, but "little is much when God is in it," and so it proved to be the case of this transfer.

When several days later the snow storm had abated, and the Sunday school missionary had gone on, Dr. and Mrs. Person insisted on my remaining with them until the close of the meetings instead of going over to the parsonage, as originally planned. It was through the sweet fellowship enjoyed during that prolonged visit, and the happy hours spent together over the precious Word of God that a tie of life-long fellowship was bound, the far reaching effect of which I little realized at the time. For it was during these Dodge meetings that these two dear people made a full surrender of their lives to the Lord Jesus Christ.

It seemed as if that snow storm had been ordered or permitted of the Lord for the furtherance of his purposes in my own life, and that it was one of the answers to my prayers for guidance offered up during those last days at the Watertown Bible School.

"God (still) moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea, and rides upon the storm."

Through the help of these dear friends, I was enabled to attend the summer term of the Moody Bible Institute the following summer, returning to Nebraska for further work in the fall. It was at the close of that second period of my Nebraska ministry, when weak in body, and lonely at heart, waiting upon God for further guidance as to the next step of my way, that, the second answer to prayer recorded under this heading was to be experienced.

It was there I received a letter from my fellow Bible student, Miss Katherine Plantz, already referred to in the previous chapter, then laboring among the mountain people of Tennessee. She told of the wonderful opportunities of that work, and expressed the hope that I might be able to join them in the same. This letter, coming to

me just when it did, seemed to be the Lord's definite answer to my prayer for guidance, and his call to that temporary Tennessee field. There was therefore nothing else to do, but to obey. Accordingly I entered upon this work some months later, and was soon busily engaged holding meetings throughout that beautiful mountain district of East Tennessee.

During the following year Miss Plantz and I became engaged, and were married several months later. This dear companion, as well as the equally precious one given to me for the later years of my life, were two of the choicest love-gifts bestowed upon me by my heavenly Father. Both were given in answer to prayer. I feel that under God I owe much to each, and that my ministry could never have been what it was without them.

As this volume is simply intended as a testimony to answered prayer, I cannot here go into detail concerning our five happy years in sunny Tennessee. Much that is sacred and of deepest interest to myself in connection with that period can receive only a mere mention here: the pleasant honeymoon season spent together in our little log cabin; our united labors in the Ebenezer Orphanage; the interesting stories of the needy boys which were taken into that institution; the precious and faithful colaborers raised up in answer to prayer; also the coming and going of our first little darling, Alden James; the birth of dear Ruth, our eldest daughter now serving in China; the visit of our beloved Bible School teacher, Dr. J. R. Pratt, through whose warm interest our work there, as well as that in China, was greatly blessed; the Sunday school and Bible classes carried on throughout the district; and many other interesting incidents, too numerous to mention.

As the records of that precious period were lost during the Chinese Revolution of 1927-28, I will refer in the following chapter to only a few of the most outstanding answers to prayer experienced during that time.

CHAPTER V.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER EXPERIENCED DURING OUR MOUNTAIN WORK IN TENNESSEE

"For thou, O God, hast proved us: thou hast tried us as silver is tried. We went through fire and through water; but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place." Psalm 66:10,12b.

Of the many answers to prayer experienced during our mountain work in Tennessee, the following three or four were perhaps among the most outstanding. The first two of these took place in connection with the death of our first little darling, Alden James, who was taken from us when he was about a year old. I still remember very vividly the aching void left in our hearts and home when the Lord took him. I had been keenly feeling my lack of love for our dear orphan boys, and had asked a very hard thing of the Lord, namely, that He would burn out of my heart every thing that wasn't love, even if it took a sevenfold heated furnace to do it. It was only about three weeks later when God answered that prayer, and that in such a way as I would have least expected, namely by taking our own little darling. Had I known the cost of the answer to that prayer beforehand, I should of course not have dared to utter it. But this was his way of answering it, and the one which He knew would be most effectual. It was not long after when a fellowworker, Miss G., who had since come into our orphanage as a teacher for our boys, felt led to remark: "Mr. Nowack, no father could ever love those boys more than you do." While the chastening which came in answer to that prayer was by no means joyous but grievous, it nevertheless afterward yielded the peaceable fruit of righteousness, as it always does to those who allow themselves to be exercised by the chastening hand of their Lord. To God alone be all the glory for the love thus shed abroad in my heart! It was his own divine way of answering that prayer.

The second answer, connected with the financial testing through which we were passing at that particular time, was the wonderful way in which the Lord met a small debt unavoidably incurred through our little son's funeral. This, though only amounting to the small sum of \$17.00, seemed like a real burden to us at that time, as it was contrary to our principles to go into debt. On the evening after his burial this burden was, however, entirely cast upon the Lord, and his own assuring comfort immediately given. Only two or three days later we received, among our other mail, three letters with a small offering in each; one containing \$10.00, another \$5.00 and the other \$2.00! But the most remarkable thing about these letters was that not one of the friends who had sent the gifts knew anything about our financial difficulties.

The third answer which I feel impressed to mention was an equally remarkable one, though also quite insignificant as far as material values are concerned. Not long after our little Alden's death, my wife and I received an urgent invitation to help a sister missionary in a series of meetings in West Virginia, which call we felt was of the Lord and therefore decided to accept. There was, however, one thing which we both were greatly in need of for that trip, and that was a pair of new shoes, as ours were quite worn and rather unfit for traveling. We therefore made this need a special subject of prayer, trusting the Lord to supply in his own time and way. And this He did. On the very eve before our departure for West Virginia we received a box of second hand clothing containing two pairs of shoes that were exactly our fit. Had the Lord sent us a hundred pairs, they could hardly have brought us as much joy as these two pair just suited to our need.

The fourth and last answer to be recorded in this chapter was of a negative character, one of the Lord's plain "Nos," and one which had a very important bearing upon our future work in China. For a year or more we had been praying for a farm for our orphan boys, and doing what we could to help the Lord answer this prayer; but in spite of all our efforts to this end the farm never materialized.

This negative answer, so hard to understand at the time, was, however, in the providence of God, destined to become a channel or vehicle for a positive one to be granted to us in China some years later and to constitute one of the most wonderful of all of our answers to prayer. This will be related in detail in chapter six. At that time we were still unconscious of the fact that the Lord was gradually getting us ready for China, and that our mountain work in Tennessee was only to be a part of our wilderness training for the still greater fields of labor still lying beyond.

In closing this chapter I want to praise him especially for the precious seasons of daily Bible study, often lasting for hours, and occasionally for a whole day at a time, enjoyed during those four or five years in Tennessee. I cannot tell what these meant to me in after years, and throughout my entire ministry in China.

It was not until this *Arabian* Bible course (Gal. 1:17) had been completed that I was ready for my larger ministry in China, and not until then, that the call to that land with its many more wonderful answers to prayer was given.

CHAPTER VI.

MARVELOUS ANSWERS TO PRAYER ACCOMPANYING OUR CALL TO CHINA

"I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight;
I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the
bars of iron." Isaiah 45:2.

In chapter three I have already related my general call to the mission field, and some of the answers to prayer experienced in connection therewith. In this chapter I shall speak in particular of our definite call to China, which did not come to us until five or six years later.

This call to China did not come to us at a missionary conference, like the other, but through the reading of a missionary magazine entitled *The Christian Worker*, published by A. W. Roffe, at that time pastor of the Missionary Tabernacle in Toronto, Canada. This magazine fell into our hands on a Monday forenoon, while in the very midst of our regular daily round of orphanage duties. So graphic was the picture of the white harvest fields presented therein, and so urgent the corresponding call sounded forth, that, almost before we were conscious of it, we were down on our knees interceding for China, and with tears rolling down our cheeks, offering ourselves to the Lord for his services in that land should that be his will for us.

Our going forth in response to this call was, however, not to be realized as promptly and speedily as it came to us that Monday morning. It was not until two years later, when its pro and con pendulum had ceased to swing, and the Lord had proven to us beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was truly of him, that we were able to leave our dear mountain home in sunny Tennessee and to step out for the great land of China.

Again and again we would find ourselves confronted with questions such as these: Is it really God's will for us to leave our orphanage work? What will the friends and contributors of our mountain work think about such a step? What will become of the home in which we had invested so much of our time and strength, as well as all of our earthly means? And what about our orphan boys who had become so dear to our hearts, yea, a very part of ourselves? Who will look after the spiritual interests of the community when we are gone? And what about the money needed for our outfit and passage, as well as our future support?

The fact that Dr. and Mrs. Person, who had been most interested in our Tennessee work, and in the purchase of our orphanage farm, could not see eye to eye with us in this China call was also a matter of great concern. Then there was Miss Ratzler who was just becoming interested in our mountain work, and who had great hopes

for its future. How would she feel about our pulling up stakes and going off to China when she was so desirous for us to go forward with the mountain work? But all of these problems and many others were to be settled in due time, and the prayers offered up for their solution to be duly and fully answered.

When the pressure of this China call finally became so great that we felt we could not, and dare not, put off its claims any longer, we set aside a day, February 9th, 1905, for prayer and fasting, to cast all of our burdens upon him. We prayed for special light and guidance on all of our problems, in connection with this contemplated step, as well as for the supply of every need. It was the first entire day of my life that I ever spent in that way, and I shall never forget the unspeakable sense of assurance that our prayers had been answered which came to us at its close. We felt as if we had fought a great battle and gained a mighty victory.

On that very day Miss R., to whom we had only recently confided our contemplated step of going to China, wrote us a letter stating that she and her uncle had decided to pay all of our traveling expenses as far as California. This letter greatly encouraged our hearts and so inspired our faith that we decided to set apart another day for further waiting upon the Lord several weeks later.

On this second all day of prayer the following five petitions were definitely brought before the Lord:

(1) That He would bless and prosper our Sister R. in that part of the program which she had already so kindly offered to undertake;

(2) That He would provide suitable workers to take charge of our Ebenezer Home and Work;

(3) That He would help us find good homes or another suitable institution for our boys;

(4) That He would supply the necessary means for our outfit and other incidentals, and also those of our boys;

(5) That He would give us the necessary wisdom for all important steps immediately before us.

In about two months all of these petitions had been marvelously answered, so that we were ready to leave our Ebenezer Orphanage for a much needed rest at my old home in Watertown, Wisconsin, before launching out upon our China voyage. In the meantime Sister Ratzer who had written us the above mentioned letter, wrote us another one stating that she and her uncle, Mr. Orr, had decided to pay all of our travelling expences the whole way to China, and that they were already negotiating with the steamship company for our passage. The American Inland Mission, or Society of Soul Winners, then carrying on an extensive work throughout those mountain regions, kindly offered to permanently take over and carry on the Ebenezer Work under the condition that we would turn over to them gratuitously the orphanage property, which we were willing and glad to do. An honorarium of \$300.00 was, however, sent to us a little later by a kind sister connected with that society, which was fully sufficient to purchase our entire China outfit. Suitable homes were opened for all of our boys so that not one of them was left uncared for, and every need, both ours and theirs, was fully met.

Never before had I seen God working on our behalf in such a wonderful way. It was truly a real demonstration of his "hanging the world upon nothing". (Job 26:7) Before those two all days of prayer we could see no way out of our difficulties whatsoever, nor find a satisfactory solution to any of the above mentioned problems, but, praise his dear Name, the "Make nothing into something God" (Romans 4:17, Chinese version) was the way out of them all. As we went forward in his Name, our hearts felt so light that we seemed to be walking on air as his glory and praise flooded our souls.

On October 10th of the same year, 1905, we set sail for China, arriving in Shanghai on November 8th, after a safe and happy voyage. There were about thirty other missionaries on board, some of whose friendship we have enjoyed ever since. We were happy indeed to have at least reached the land of our adoption toward which we had so eagerly been looking forward during the past few years.

One more answer to prayer that might be mentioned in closing

this chapter, was that of dear, old, Grandma Dean, who wrote us shortly before sailing that the Lord had laid it upon her heart to pray for us daily, that he would speedily give us the Chinese language. We praise him for the way this prayer was answered, as well as for the special promise "The yoke shall be destroyed because of the anointing" (Isaiah 10:27), quickened to us in connection with it.

During the first eight months after our arrival in China the hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M., with an intermission of an hour or two for dinner and rest at noon, were daily spent in language study. At the close of that period I was able to read the Gospel of John, and with the help of a Chinese evangelist teach a small class of boys in the mission Sunday School, where we were then temporarily located. Two of these boys were saved and became the first fruits of my China labors. One became an evangelist and some years later called on me at our Kikungshan home upon his return from a workers conference.

After we had been in China two years, and had gotten a fair start of the language, dear old Grandma Dean went to be with the Lord, but her prayers were still being answered.

CHAPTER VII.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER EXPERIENCED DURING OUR FIRST YEAR IN CHINA

"As thou goest, the way shall be opened up, step by step, before thee." Proverbs 4:12. (*Literal Hebrew translation*)

When going to China we had a strong conviction that we should continue our ministry there on the same basis as that of our orphanage work in Tennessee. This was in full keeping with our call to a life of faith and was also corroborated by several letters from the

good sister who had paid our passage. There were, however, several reasons which made us hesitate to launch out in this way. The peculiar difficulties involved in opening such a work in a land like China were many. Of these, our unfamiliarity with the language and customs of the people were perhaps among the greatest. We therefore decided to go to the South Chihli Mission, in which we had become interested, through other missionary friends just before leaving the homeland, as we had heard that this mission was also being conducted on a faith basis.

It was not long, however, before we began to realize that the S. C. M. was not to be our permanent sphere of labor. Our former conviction, to continue our China ministry on the same independent basis as that of our orphanage work in Tennessee, again loomed up as God's best and highest choice for us, and that our S. C. M. sojourn was only to serve as a stepping stone in that direction. In due time these convictions had reopened to such an extent as to leave us no other alternative but to act upon them and to gradually make the necessary preparations to that end.

The fact that the intense language study of those first months in the S. C. M. had also very seriously affected my health, so that I was threatened with a complete physical breakdown, made me feel the need of a quiet resting place where I could temporarily recuperate before continuing my study or think of launching out upon another field of labor. Then too, there were also other difficulties confronting us. 1. Where should we go? 2. How would dear Brother Houlding, the leader of the mission, feel about our leaving? 3. What about our traveling expenses? How would they be met? Here again there was only one thing to do, and that was to pray. The following three petitions were therefore definitely brought before the Lord while waiting upon him for wisdom and guidance concerning the steps to be taken.

1. That if Kikungshan, the place which had already been suggested to us by some of our missionary friends as a good health resort, was the one of his choice, He would make this unmistakably

plain and take us there in due time.

2. That He would cause Brother Houlding to see God's hand in our move, and that we might be able to leave the mission with his approval.

3. That God would in some way provide the funds needed for the long railroad journey, as our little balance then on hand was hardly sufficient to take us to our nearest railroad station.

The first and second of these petitions were soon answered. It was made very clear to us that we were to go to Kikungshan, and Brother Houlding also recognized the Lord's leading in this proposed step. But what about the needed funds? That problem was still unsettled. Naturally we were looking to our homeland mail as the channel through which this need would be supplied. But the infinite resources of our Lord are not limited to our finite sources, and He often supplies our needs in ways most unexpected.

"It may not be my way, it may not be Thy way,
But yet in His own way the Lord will provide."

On the morning of August 28th, while reading for our daily Scripture portion the third chapter of Second Kings, the seventeenth verse, was quickened to us in a very real way: "For thus saith Jehovah, Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water, and ye shall drink, both ye and your cattle, and your beasts." From the message of this verse we at once gathered that our funds were to be bountifully supplied, and that from an entirely unexpected source. And so it came to pass. A few days later we learned that the Mission with which we had been temporarily affiliated, and which ordinarily did not hold themselves responsible for the traveling expenses of those voluntarily leaving its ranks, had decided to pay all of our traveling expenses to Kikungshan.

It was, therefore, not long after receiving that assuring message from Second Kings before we were on our way, arriving on Kikungshan in a little more than a week. There we were warmly welcomed by the missionaries to whom we had written shortly before leaving

South Chihli, and greatly enjoyed their kind hospitality and fellowship.

I can understand better now than I could then why the Lord first led us to another mission before launching us out upon a field of our own. The precious lessons and the valuable experiences there gained supplied the very lack that made us hesitate to launch out independently in the beginning. Also why He, when leading us out of the S. C. M., led us to Kikungshan instead of directly to another field of labor, which under other circumstances He might have done. Had He not first led us to Kikungshan, the family might have been deprived of the many blessings which He there had in store for us during the important years that lay ahead. The convictions concerning summer resorts, etc., which I held at that time, might have hindered my going there had I first settled down at a station. As it was, the Lord, who in his infinite love and wisdom foresaw that great future need, compelled us through my failing health to go to the mountain first and then after having again restored me and provided a summer home for us there led us on to our future field of labor. Here again we can exclaim, "He hath done all things well."

CHAPTER VIII.

SOME KIKUNGSHAN PRAYERS AND THEIR ANSWERS

"When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, thou knewest my path." Psalm 142:3.

During our first few weeks on Kikungshan we lived in a small servants' quarters with only two tiny rooms, each about eight by ten feet in size, secured for us before our arrival by the friends to whom we had written. They also kindly provided us with a few of the most necessary provisions with which to begin our house-keeping.

As there were then still only a few houses on the mountain, we were more than grateful for even that much of a footing. It soon became apparent, however, that we could not remain in such cramped quarters very long. They were hardly sufficient to accomodate our family, then numbering four, to say nothing of additional quarters for a servant and language teacher, both of which would be needed when resuming our language study. We felt that a larger and more commodious house was a real need, and one which we could therefore conscientiously and with real confidence bring to the Lord in prayer. And this we did.

As we were still unacquainted with the few missionaries then owning houses on the mountain, and our means on hand insufficient to offer any of them a reasonable rent, we could only ask the Lord to undertake on our behalf, trusting him to lay it upon some one's heart to offer us their house either entirely gratis, or under such conditions as we might be able to meet. This prayer was soon faithfully answered. A dear sister in the Lord, who happened to know about our living in those close quarters as well as about our poor health, soon came over to see us, and kindly offered us free of rent her spacious, newly built cottage for the winter, or until the next summer season. What that offer meant to us just at that time can hardly be told. This sister later became one of our most intimate Kikungshan friends. It was a real joy, therefore, when at the close of that season we were able, also in answer to prayer, to offer her a small remuneration as a token of our appreciation, though this was only a fraction of the actual rental.

A second answer to prayer soon followed this one. After moving into Mrs. N's. comfortable cottage, we at once began to pray for the funds to put up a small building of our own, as well as for a suitable lot on which to erect it. Both of these petitions were also graciously granted, so that by the time it was necessary for us to leave Mrs. N's. cottage the following summer, we were ready to move into our own. The lovely lot, valued at about \$100.00 in Chinese currency at that time, was donated to us by a missionary

friend while our little three-room cottage, about twelve by twenty-eight feet in size with the addition of a small kitchen about eight by six feet, was with the Lord's help erected at the cost of about \$125.00 in U. S. A. currency.

I might also add that through the daily outdoor exercise required for the supervision of the building, etc., and with the bracing mountain air my health soon greatly improved, so that before long I was again able to spend most of my time in language study.

The third and perhaps the most important of all our Kikungshan prayers during that first year, was the one offered up for a faithful homeland secretary. To this the thirty-seven years of faithful and selfsacrificing service, rendered in behalf of the Mission by our dear Brother Carl in this capacity, was the exceeding abundant answer.

We greatly praise the Lord for these three precious answers to prayer, as well as for the liberal donation toward a larger mountain home, received from Dr. and Mrs. Person some years later, when our family circumstances demanded it.

We praise him also for the many happy seasons of physical and spiritual refreshing enjoyed there throughout the years that followed, and for all that the Kikungshan community has meant to us as a missionary family in the matter of our children's education, as well as in many other ways. All of these blessings have followed in the train of these early Kikungshan prayers.

CHAPTER IX.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER EXPERIENCED IN THE OPENING OF OUR MIYANG WORK

"And God is able to make all grace abound unto you; that ye always, having all sufficiency in all things, may abound unto every good work." 2 Corinthians 9:8.

It was at ten A. M. on the 5th of May, 1907, a beautiful warm Sunday morning, that I entered for the first time the city gates of Miyang. The thrill of that day is still fresh in my memory as I am penning these lines. Dear Brother Conway, a China Inland Missionary of a neighboring station, She Chi Tien, had just sent one of his Chinese workers to open a meeting there that very morning. This service happened to be in session when I entered the city, and was the first Gospel meeting ever held there. Sometime before Brother Conway had spent the night in prayer, asking the Lord to speedily thrust forth a missionary into this needy Miyang field for which he had become greatly burdened. As soon, therefore, as he heard of my arrival he invited me over to his station, and after telling me all about his burden of prayer for Miyang concluded by saying: "Brother Nowack, I believe you are the answer to my prayers."

I could understand better then than I could before why Miyang had again and again been brought to my attention while praying and prospecting for a mission field, and why immediately after entering the city the Lord had made it so clear that this was his chosen field for us. While I was praying for a field Brother Conway was praying for a man, and the God who answers prayer knew just how to bring the two, the man and the field, together.

It might also be of interest here to note that during their first term in China, some thirty years later, my daughter Helen, now Mrs. Frame, and her husband Raymond, together with Brother

Conway's daughter Nora, were in charge of the very station occupied by Brother Conway when he prayed us into that vicinity.

On the afternoon of that first arrival in Miyang I was invited to the home of a certain Mr. Li, who at one time had been a very wealthy man, but through his opium habit had been reduced to such straits that he felt compelled to sell his family estate in order to be able to continue his smoking a little longer. This was his real motive in inviting me to his place, as he was hoping that I would be the one able to buy it, and could thus furnish him with the ready cash which he so badly needed. I had not been on his premises very long before he took me all over the place, showing me the various buildings and expressing the hope that I might see my way clear to buy them. As I was thus being led about I was reminded of God's promise to Abraham recorded in Genesis 13: "Lift up now thine eyes and look, for of all which thou seest, to thee will I give it." With that promise there also came to me the assurance that some day that very place with all its commodious buildings was to be mine to be used for the establishment and furtherance of the Lord's cause and the Kingdom in that dark and wicked city. "But fish are never eaten as hot as they are fried," and property in China is seldom, if ever, bought in a hurry. Furthermore, with the few strings of cash then at my disposal the prospects of coming into possession of such a place as that still seemed more or less remote. The only thing I could do for the time being was to tell Mr. Li that I was entirely unprepared for such an investment, and to temporarily dismiss his proposition.

In the meantime a smaller place was found and rented in the western suburb of the city, and made ready for temporary use. After that we began to pray for the means with which to purchase the larger and more commodious one in the city. In that small western suburb compound, less than one-tenth of the size of Mr. Li's, we began our Miyang work, remaining there for about two years. By that time the work had entirely outgrown the place, and the larger and better quarters were urgently needed. There were, of course,

also many other reasons for desiring a change. The mud buildings of the small compound, which we had temporarily rented, were poor and leaky. At times during the rainy seasons we had to get up during the night to move our beds from one corner of the room to another in order to avoid the muddy shower baths which came pouring down through the thatched roof. What made matters still worse was that all the buildings were so infested with rats that we found it hard to sleep at night. Not infrequently night raids had to be made upon them to scare them away by poking with a stick on the matted ceiling above. Sometimes while we were trying to take our short noon day rest they would run over our heads and once one of them even tried to bite my ear.

The fact that we were obliged to live in one room with our three little girlies, Ruth, Esther and Helen, greatly added to our trials. Two-thirds of this apartment had to serve as sitting room, dining room and bed room. The other third served as a guest hall for our Chinese, or as a study for Mrs. Nowack when there were no guests to be entertained.

One thing which seemed especially hard to bear during that period was to have our three children, all at about the same time, come down with the whooping cough. One would begin coughing at night until all were awake, coughing, crying and vomiting at the same time. It is needless to say that little or no sleep could be had on such occasions.

The little office which I occupied at that time was about eight by eight feet in size with a small window toward the east admitting only a very little bit of sunshine for about two or three hours in the forenoon. It was so damp that I had to air my straw floor mats every few days to keep them from getting mouldy.

The building which served as a school room during the week and as a chapel on Sunday would accommodate only about fifty or sixty at the very most. Another building of the same size adjoining the street, served as our street chapel. There old Brother Wu, our first evangelist, kindly turned over to us by Brother Conway, spent

most of his time preaching the Gospel, while Mrs. Nowack and I continued to pursue our study of the language.

Often my impetuosity would lead me to wonder why the Lord was so slow in sending in funds for better and larger quarters, and more than once I had to confess to a murmuring spirit because of his seeming indifference to this great need. I still remember very vividly the night when I knelt down in my little damp office, asking his forgiveness for all my murmuring, and then telling him, and I meant it too, that I would be willing to live on those premises the rest of my days, if that would be most for his glory and for the interest of his cause and Kingdom. It was not until I had reached that place that my prayers for larger and more suitable premises were answered, and that we received our first check for \$1,000.00 gold, sent for this special purpose. And how I did then praise the Lord that He had given me full and complete victory over the old compound before making provision for the new one. I am sure I could never have enjoyed that \$1,000.00 gift as I did, had I not first arrived at this place of victory, and it was very gracious of the Lord to withhold it until I had.

But now for the story connected with this precious thousand dollar gift, donated by our friends and co-laborers, Dr. and Mrs. Person of Dodge, Nebraska. It was the same amount which about six years previously they had been contemplating giving to our orphanage farm in Tennessee, when Dr. Person suddenly suffered a mental breakdown and was thereby hindered from sending it to us there. For six long years he remained in that sad condition with only an occasional bright period. At such times he would say to his wife: "Winnie, don't forget Nowack's thousand dollars." That seemed to be the one thing always upon his mind. At the end of those six years when he passed away, his wife became heir to the greater part of his estate, and she was not of the kind to forget the gift upon which they had mutually agreed. As soon as her financial matters were settled and the money intended for the Tennessee farm had been released, it was sent to China for the Ebenezer Mission premises

in Miyang. It was thus that the negative answer to prayer, recorded in connection with our orphanage work in Tennessee, became the positive answer to that for our Miyang property in China. Had Dr. Person been able to carry out his original design to provide us with an orphanage farm in Tennessee, that farm might have obligated us to remain there, or would at least have made it considerably harder for us to leave. We would in that case also have been deprived of the use of this gift for China, where it was so greatly needed just at that time, and what a loss that would have been! While the Lord's resources are unlimited, and He could have supplied our need in some other way, this was his own chosen, and hence more marvelous, way of supplying it.

It was truly remarkable how the Lord turned the good intentions and gifts of the two parties interested in our Tennessee farm into our China channel: one to meet the need of our passage to the field; and the other to purchase the premises for our mission headquarters. A true fulfillment of Rom. 8:28, "All things work together for good to them that love God." And how could we refrain from exclaiming, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

I am confident, too, that when Dr. and Mrs. Person shall meet all the precious Chinese that have been led to Christ through the glorious Gospel preached on those Miyang premises, they will never regret those six years of mental suffering which in the providence of God were permitted for the transfer of that gift.

But even that precious gift, wonderful as it was, was not yet the full answer to the prayer for our Miyang property. Some time after purchasing the commodious Li estate, and after our building operations had already begun, we found that we had greatly underestimated our financial needs, and felt that we should have prayed for two thousand dollars instead of for one. But here again our faithful Lord, who knoweth what things we have need of long before we ask him, had not failed to anticipate this one. Some months later,

when that first thousand had been exhausted, and our building program temporarily discontinued, He sent us a second thousand, thus doubling the answer to our prayers by meeting the need as He saw it, instead of according to our limited asking. Praise his Name! He is "able to do the exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." Eph. 3:20. This second thousand was sent to us through the kind influence and interest of our good friend and Bible School Teacher, Dr. J. R. Pratt, upon whose heart the Lord had also been laying the burden of this need.

There is still one more factor entering into this story of our Miyang property purchase which must not be omitted; it is the conversion of Mr. Li Rung Sheng, a nephew of the man who owned the estate, and who in the providence of God was destined to later serve at the middle man in that important transaction, a fact not anticipated at the time of his conversion. This was truly significant, because in China the middle man through whom all such purchases are effected is almost, if not fully, as essential as the cash with which to make the purchases.

Had the Lord sent that first thousand dollar donation any earlier than He did, or before He had raised up this consecrated instrument into whose hands it could be safely entrusted, I am confident that we should not have been ready for it. The greater part of it might thus have been lost through squeezes and other unscrupulous manipulations. No one but our good Brother Li could ever have handled that transaction, and even he would have been unequal for the task without the prayers that upheld him in the long battle for those mission premises. It was only through the help and influence of this newly born brother in Christ, and not until eight long months of negotiation with his unscrupulous heathen relatives, and a mighty conflict with the Miyang authorities who were determined to keep the Gospel from getting a footing in the city, that we finally came into possession of this property. This purchasing transaction was perhaps the most marvelous link in the chain of the answers to prayers offered up on its behalf, and the greatest victory of all.

In closing this chapter we can again say, "He hath done all things well," and that our Lord is never one minute too late in what He does. "He is righteous in all his ways, and gracious in all his works." Ps. 145:17.

CHAPTER X.

A PRAYED DOWN REVIVAL

"Thou, O God, didst send a plentiful rain whereby thou didst confirm thine inheritance, when it was weary." Psalm 68:9.

While it has been my happy privilege to participate in, as well as to witness, many seasons of revival, both in other mission fields as well as in our own, it will be necessary in this small volume to limit myself to the record of only a few experienced on our immediate field, and those in answer to much earnest and importunate prayer, of which this is the first.

A truly God-sent revival is never "worked up" but always "prayed down," for it is only as Zion travaileth in prayer that she bringeth forth her spiritual children. Isa. 66:8. While prayer does not exclude the planning and preparation usually necessary for the larger evangelistic gatherings, it is, and must ever be, the great essential and vital factor of them all. A closed-down prayer meeting may be but the silent though perhaps unconscious testimony of a selfsatisfied Laodicean Church, content with its own attainments. "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing." Where prayer meetings are truly the acknowledged power house of their respective churches, they will never be shut down, as such churches would be entirely unable to carry on without them.

The revival recorded in this chapter took place during the summer of 1910, the latter part of our first term of service in China, while our Miyang Church was still in its infancy. Its account, in-

cluding the events or circumstances leading up to it, is largely taken from our November *Echoes* of that year. The six months preceding that divine visitation were months of peculiar testing during which the Lord had been dealing with us in new and strange ways. The first thousand dollars of our property fund, recorded in the previous chapter, had been entirely exhausted, while the second had not yet been received. Thus for the time being a halt was caused right in the very midst of our building operations. Even our cherished plans for our summer outing on Kikungshan had to be given up in order to avoid the expenses which they would have involved. We had been feeling our own spiritual needs, as well as those of our infant Chinese church, and had been earnestly praying for a greater fulness of God's Holy Spirit in our midst. "God send a revival and begin in me" was the great burden of each of our prayers, and this was his time and way of answering them.

It was on the 20th of June, when in his own unique way He drew us aside for a united and prolonged season of waiting upon him, during which He revealed himself to us in a way entirely different from anything we had ever experienced before. It seemed as if He had come down into the little room in which we were meeting, inviting us to feast with himself, and determined not to let us go until He had fully satisfied our hearts and we had satisfied his. Day by day as our great, though unseen Leader, He would open to us different portions of his own precious Word, suggest special hymns, or quicken to us some inspiring chorus, and so blend and harmonize them all that we just had to "stand in awe" at his wonderful presence. Isa. 9:6. The whole Scripture took on a new meaning, and it seemed as if we had gotten into a new world, with a new Book, and a new and grander Saviour. At times such a holy awe and stillness would fill the room that we did not even venture to lisp a prayer. Again and again we felt constrained to say: "This is certainly the most wonderful Bible Conference we ever attended." The Lord himself constituting the committee of arrangements, chairman and speaker, and we missionaries the audience. Never before had we

realized fully the preciousness of his promise, "Where two or three are gathered in my Name, there am I in the midst of them," nor what the two Emmaus disciples must have felt when they said: "Did not our hearts burn within us as he talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?" For several days we did not even feel at liberty to open our homeland mail, interesting as that always was, nor to attend our daily Chinese services, at which ordinarily we never failed to be present. The Lord had so drawn us into his own sacred presence, that for the time being, waiting upon him seemed to be the only thing worth while and to outclimax everything else.

One passage especially quickened to us at that time, and which has been one of my life verses or golden texts ever since, was Matt. 4:4: "Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Weymouth's translation, which we were then using, states the last clause of that verse—"By whatsoever God doth appoint," reminding us of our Lord's words in John 4:34, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." This Matt. 4:4 passage was given to us at the very beginning of our waiting time, and its truth sufficiently demonstrated throughout. We were able to dispense with food and sleep in a way that we had never thought possible before. The PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JESUS and the efficacy of his wonderous CROSS were made more real to us from day to day, while Gal. 2:20, "I am crucified with Christ," through which we were then being led into a deeper experience of that Cross, was quickened to us in a new way. It would be impossible to refer to all the Scriptures which the Spirit brought to us during those unprecedented days. He is able to press so much into so short a period of time. See John 21:25. Many of them were given for reproof and correction, bringing us low at his feet in deep contrition and conviction of sin, so that hours at a time were spent in earnest heart-searching and humbling confession. This conviction continued to grow deeper and more searching from one day to another until "the smallest foxes," and every "fly in the oint-

ment" had been laid bare.

In speaking for myself I must say that I never saw the utter depravity of my own heart as I did in the light of HIS HOLY WORD during those wonderful days. At the time of my conversion the Lord convicted me of my past sins, at this time He revealed to me the exceeding sinfulness of indwelling sin, and the utter corruption of my own natural heart, thus leading me to understand the real meaning of "In me, that is, in my flesh there dwelleth no good thing." As I saw myself in the blaze-light of his holiness, all my own soulish life and effort seemed as dross and failure, and all my righteousness as filthy rags. The experience of Isaiah when he cried out, "Woe is me for I am undone," the acknowledgment of Daniel's "My comeliness in me is turned into corruption," and the confession of "I abhor myself," uttered by Job, when these had caught a similar glimpse of the holiness of God, could all be better understood in the light of my own experience of those days. I saw that, while I had in a way surrendered my life to God's service, and in a material sense forsaken all to follow him, I was only then beginning to learn the true meaning of that full and absolute surrender of self, which alone can insure the fulness of his Spirit and the enduement of his power. Acts 1:8. I realized as never before that only through such an anointing could He fulfill through me the "greater things" of his promise recorded in John 14:12, and that without this I could not go back into his service.

I shall never forget that memorable night of July first, the closing day of our waiting time, largely spent in my office alone with God. That day had been one of mighty conviction and of surrendering all that He had revealed to me as displeasing to him, followed by his own blessed assurance of "sins forgiven and iniquity purged." Isa. 6:7. Waves of "joy unspeakable and full of glory" rolled over my whole being as He was filling his emptied vessel to be sent forth from his presence more sanctified and meet for his use, until my soul was lost in inexpressible adoration, praise and worship. Oh, the sweetness and the sacredness of that hallowed hour and

many others like it enjoyed with him since! Heaven had never seemed nearer than it did on that memorable summer night as we sat there under the beautiful starry sky, singing his praises way into the middle of the night, loathe to interrupt the sacred experience of those hallowed and blissful hours.

I still praise him for the great change that came into my life at that time, and for all that change has meant to me during my entire China ministry. Before receiving this gracious anointing of God's Spirit, the preparation of my Sunday sermons and other messages seemed to be more or less of a laborious task, but after that He so opened up to me his wonderful Word, that I never lacked for living messages when they were needed. The very first Scripture quickened to me after that event was the little phrase, "He came where he was," found in the parable of the good Samaritan. Luke 10:33. Through this He taught me that I must not expect our Chinese to come where I was, or to judge them by my standards, but to come where they were, and then to tenderly lead them on where He would have them to be.

PART II.

In part one we have dwelt on our own share of this revival; in this part we want to tell how it affected the little flock. It was only natural that there should be an overflow, and that they should be its first recipients. Humanly speaking, it was the most unlikely time for a protracted meeting, being right in the very midst of the most intense heat. But the Spirit led that way, and soon convinced us that He could work in the heat as well as in the cool. Beginning Saturday afternoon, July 16th, we had two weeks of meetings, morning and afternoon, attended more or less regularly by most of the church members and inquirers. These were followed up for some time afterwards with a daily morning service for prayer and Bible study, the Lord working and blessing throughout. During these meetings a number by making a full surrender to Christ were led into a deeper knowledge and experience of salvation, as far as they then knew how, crowning him as King and Lord of their lives;

while others, who had been halting between two opinions, were blessedly saved. There was considerable confession of sin. Many things being uncovered and put under the precious blood. It was blessed to see them get clean, and then to hear their testimonies to the peace and joy that always accompany such an experience.

One of the men spent two entire days making the rounds among some of his former acquaintances, straightening out old squabbles in which he had involved himself before his conversion. I should judge from the number and character of those confessed within my own hearing that he must have been a hard case indeed, but praise God! He is equal to the hardest!

Our amah, Mrs. Wang, who had then been with us for nearly three years, was one of the first to confess and get right. It took a hard struggle, but the Lord brought her through. One thing that had been especially standing in her way was a grudge against her father, who had been defrauding her of some money. Like many others she tried to get the blessing of a clean heart without going to the bottom of things, but it wouldn't work and matters only grew worse until she finally decided to go home, confess her hatred and unforgiving spirit, and to tell her father that she would love him no matter how he treated her. This brought the victory and greatly affected her heathen father, who when suddenly taken seriously ill several days later, sent for her to pray for him and was restored in answer to her prayers. She then began to pray for his salvation and also for that of her other relatives.

Old Brother Liu testified to how he had gathered his family about him after one of the meetings, saying to them: "Heretofore I have had worship with you every night, but I saw today that I myself did not live up to what I was preaching to you. I want to confess my sins and have Jesus live in me hereafter." His wife and one daughter-in-law broke down in confession of sin a day or two later, while a third member of the family, who had been stubbornly holding on to her vegetarian vow, was willing to break it and to trust in the merits of Christ instead of her own. It pays to get the

channels clean! The daughter-in-law later became our Bible woman, and will be mentioned again in Chapter thirteen.

Brother Li, already referred to in the previous chapter, was all broken up because of a temptation to which he had yielded in the matter of a heathen funeral custom, and which in his spiritual infancy it had been hard to overcome. He was on his knees under the agony of deep conviction, crying to God for forgiveness, while the tears were rolling down his cheeks. It was a joy, indeed, to see his happy face after receiving the assurance of the Lord's forgiveness, and to hear him exhort others to likewise confess their sins.

One dear brother of the Confucian type, who had in his previous prayers eloquently referred to his sins being "as many as the stars of heaven and the sands of the seashore for multitude," got down low enough to mention some of them by name (Lev. 5:5), and experienced a marked change as a result.

Our little Mrs. Wu for whom we had been praying for some time was also awakened during these meetings. The final circumstance which led to this was a rather trivial one but seems worth relating. Her old pet hen of which she was exceedingly fond happened to be missing and was nowhere to be found. Relating this incident in her own words, she said: "The loss was more than I could bear, so I sat down and cried. Then I thought of what I had heard in the meetings, and I just knelt down and said: 'Lord, if you will bring back my chicken, I will believe in you, too.' The very next morning one of my neighbors came in with my hen. Now I know that He is the true God who hears and answers prayers." Bless the Lord! no circumstance is too small or insignificant for him to note or use, if He can thereby lead one of his little ones to a knowledge of himself. He is so great that He even takes note of a falling sparrow, a single hair, or a stray chicken! While this chicken story of Mrs. Wu's cannot be considered a testimony of salvation, it does afford an apt illustration of the Good Shepherd's condescending grace in meeting his straying sheep just where they are.

Another testimony that greatly touched our hearts was that of

old mother Hsi, who in spite of her old age and the intense heat hadn't missed a single meeting. "Two years ago," said she, "I was hardly able to leave my bed because of the infirmity of my old age. Then I heard about this new Jesus doctrine, and by means of a cane managed to hobble over to the chapel (at that time not far distant from her home). My strength kept increasing as I continued to come. Ever since I was baptized last spring, there has been a special quickening going on in my body, so that now I am able to come way over here every day (a good mile then) without my cane, and do not even feel weary."

Old Brother Fu, who came twelve miles to meetings every Sunday whenever the weather would permit, and sometimes even walked back right after the services were over, gave a similar testimony. He told how a few years before he had to rest several times when going to market, three miles distant from his home, and that now the Lord had so increased his strength that he could walk all the way to the city without resting at all. What blessed demonstrations of Isa. 40:29! "He giveth power to the faint, and to him that hath no might he increaseth strength."

We could add many more incidents and testimonies just as interesting as the above, but enough. In again referring to the church meetings in general, I would say: "We never saw it on this fashion before." There was no outside speaker to draw the crowd, and only a limited attendance. These were seated on mats spread on the floor with Testaments in one hand and a fan in the other. There were no prepared sermons, no special singing, nothing sensational or emotional to excite the flesh, and yet what a hush upon the little audience throughout the entire meetings as the Spirit worked in his own quiet but irresistible way, so that we truly knew that God was in our midst.

On the last Sunday, "that last great day of the feast," when the meetings had reached their spiritual climax, there were four services, beginning with a five o'clock prayer meeting in the morning and closing with an evening meeting of testimony and praise lasting

until twelve o'clock at night. Even then no one seemed to be tired or anxious to go home. At such seasons time is not taken into consideration. They are miniatures of that great meeting "when time shall be no more."

We still praise him for the testings that brought about those blessings. Had the Lord not sent us the former, we should probably never have gotten quiet enough to enjoy the latter. Humanly speaking, it was of course a sacrifice not to be able to finish our building or to have our summer outing; but what things then might have seemed loss to us, those we now count gain for Christ. We praise him also for the way He kept us through the intense heat of that summer, and can testify to the truth of his Word, quickened to us at the beginning, that "Man liveth not by bread alone, but by whatsoever God doth appoint" so abundantly demonstrated during those days.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN PRAYER WAS TURNED INTO PRAISE

"I will call upon Jehovah, who is worthy to be praised." Psalm 18:3.

"Whoso offereth the sacrifice of thanksgiving glorifieth me." Ps. 50:23.

"Thou art enthroned upon the praises of Israel." Ps. 22:3. R. V. Mar.

When in the Fall of 1911, at the beginning of the Chinese Revolution, we left China for our first furlough, it was laid upon my heart to ask our Chinese Church to join me in the petition that the Lord would give us at least two new missionaries, a brother and a sister, to help us in our Miyang work. I felt they were greatly needed, and that they would be supplied.

After having spent almost a year in active deputation work, we were still without these two workers, to say nothing of their passage money and their support. The Lord had in many ways greatly

blessed our homeland ministry. He had enabled me to raise and pay back the funds that, without any solicitation on our part, had been kindly offered to us by some of our neighboring missionaries for our homeland trip. The needs of our Chinese workers, as well as those of our own family, had also been faithfully supplied. The one petition, however, which had been laid upon the hearts of our young Chinese believers when we left Miyang, was still unanswered. Our own passage money was also lacking. All we had on hand was a little budget sufficient to pay our way from Wisconsin to California, and to keep us in board there for a month or more. With this small amount and the anticipation of another little life soon to be added to our family circle, the outlook seemed anything but reassuring.

As we had for some years been in the habit of setting aside our Saturday mornings for prayer and fasting, the above mentioned needs were made a matter of special prayer on the following Saturday. Upon entering the prayer room that morning my dear wife suggested that we open our little service with a song of praise. To this I replied that I felt more like laying our needs before the Lord than I did praising, but soon joined in the hymn that had been suggested, "How Firm a Foundation Ye Saints of the Lord." By the time we had finished that hymn the spirit of praise had come upon me sufficiently to suggest a second one of a similar nature. Then another and another, until we had spent an hour or more in that glorious and heavenly art of spiritual worship. When we had finished singing those hymns our souls were so filled with his glory and so conscious of the greatness of his power and majesty that all the mountains of our needs and difficulties with which we had entered the room had completely flowed down at his presence. We arose from our knees, our hearts overflowing with his joy and with the full assurance that every need would be supplied, absolutely confident that He would see us through to the coast and then to China. Heb. 11:1.

With that awe of his presence upon us we began packing for California that very afternoon, and by the middle of the following week were on our way to the coast. The joy unspeakable and full

of glory that filled our hearts as we sped along in our tourist car was all the proof desired or needed to know that we were in his sweet will, and that He was with us and also going before.

Upon our arrival in Oakland, He already had a place prepared for us where we could remain until "The pillar of cloud and fire" would lead us on. After being there only a few days, a sister with whom we had become acquainted in China some years previously asked my wife to go with her to the Alliance Bible School to call for some of her things which she had left there a few days before. As the usual door tender had gone out and there was no one on hand to respond to the bell, one of the teachers of the institution opened the door to welcome them in. Before very long this teacher, Miss Boyer, and my wife were engaged in an absorbing conversation about China. Miss Boyer opened up her heart to Mrs. Nowack, telling her all about her desire to go to China and of her covenant with the Lord, namely, that if He would still open the way for her to go before her fortieth birthday, she would accept it as his will and call. She right then and there also assured my wife that if He wanted her to go with us, she would be glad to do so. Mrs. Nowack came back home all aglow with this little incident, seemingly so clearly of the Lord. She was very enthusiastic over the sister whose acquaintance she had just made, and felt that Miss Boyer might possibly be the lady worker for whom we had so earnestly prayed. After further acquaintance and conference, and times of united waiting upon God, Miss Boyer clearly felt that God had called her to go with us, and accordingly offered herself for the Ebenezer work. We praised the Lord for the providences that had thus brought us together, and were greatly encouraged to trust him for the financial needs which had to be met.

After the arrival of our little daughter Katherine, now in the glory, I was free to go out into further deputation work. There was still one opening for me in Los Angeles, for which I had been much in prayer, and concerning which the Lord seemed to give considerable assurance. On my way there He showed me that He was going

to do great things for me in that city. My faith was, however, to be severely tested before this could be realized. Upon arriving at the home of my hostess I was greeted with the remark: "We are glad to see you, Brother Nowack, but I am almost sorry we encouraged you to come. The only opening we have been able to secure for you is a little church that does not even have its own pastor or church building." Then, hoping to give me a bit of encouragement, she added, "But I am quite sure we can raise enough to pay your expenses back to Oakland." This remark, though well meant, seemed to me like a direct dart from the Evil one. I went to my room, threw myself upon my knees, saying, "Lord, I refuse to listen to that remark," and then asked him to help me to keep on believing what He had shown me while on the way.

The time allotted to me for my message at the little church already referred to was a short half hour after the Christian Endeavor meeting in the evening. I asked the Lord to help me make the very best of that half hour. Through my attendance at the morning service I had become acquainted with a number of the members. Most of these, through the recommendation of my good hostess, Mrs. Pratt, had already heard about us and our work. They all seemed very much interested and the atmosphere in general was most congenial. I felt that the Lord was there, and that He was going to work on our behalf. The evening meeting was well attended and all remained to hear the missionary from China. I had scarcely finished my message, when a dear enthusiastic brother stood up and suggested that a collection be taken for Brother Nowack's work. To this I was obliged to object, as it was contrary to my way of working. I suggested that they first make the matter of their giving to this cause a subject of earnest prayer. Then they could do as the Lord would lead them, and I would trust him to take care of the results.

Through the services of that day the way was opened for me to speak to the Fishermen's Club of the Los Angeles Bible Institute, which was to meet the following night. Dr. T. C. Horton, who was

then superintendent of the institution, as well as the supplying pastor of that little church, assured me that I was to have the entire hour that evening. Upon my arrival at the institute I was informed, however, that a certain Bible teacher, who had been planning to come there for some time to speak to the club, just happened to be in for that night. He therefore felt that the only thing he could do was to give him the hour allotted to me, but promised to give me a few minutes at the close of his address. Like the night before I again asked the Lord to help me make the very best of those few minutes. I don't remember any more just what I said, but after I had finished speaking, a young man came up to me saying: "Brother Nowack, I have heard many talks on China, but have never felt a definite call to any particular field until I heard your message tonight. I believe the Lord wants me to go with you." I cannot here go into the details of all that followed. As this brother and I walked down the street together after that night's meeting, we turned aside into a quiet ally for prayer. While thus engaged in prayer the Lord confirmed to both of us that He had called our brother, and that thus our prayer for the second worker had also been answered.

On the following morning as I entered Brother Horton's office he said to me: "Well, Nowack, have you found your missionary?" Then as I told him of the response of the brother, he said: "Praise the Lord! I was lying awake half the night thinking if only Mr. Von Klitzing would respond to that call. He seems to be just the man that Nowack needs." He then suggested that we kneel down together to praise the Lord, and to ask him to supply the needs for our brother's passage and support. While we were praying it just seemed as if the Lord was relieving me of this part of my burden, and putting it upon the shoulders of Dr. Horton; and thus it proved to be.

On Wednesday night this little church, which I was told didn't even have their own pastor or church building but would probably be able to pay my expenses back to Oakland, had a business meeting. There was much to be discussed, but somehow or other, they seemed

to be unable to get beyond one subject, and that was Brother Nowack and his mission. The Lord himself had charge of that little business meeting and was directing its affair. On the following morning there was a telephone call at my hostess's home. Brother Horton, the supplying pastor, was requesting to speak to me, and the following was the substance of the message which he had to deliver: "Hello, Brother Nowack, I have some good news for you! At the business meeting last night our little church pledged the support and passage money for Brother Hans Von Klitzing, and several others have decided to take the support of a native worker at the rate of \$50.00 per year." I never felt happier in my life than when I received that telephone message. It was one of the Lord's exceeding abundancies," and yet no more than He had promised to do for me while en route to that city.

On the following Sabbath I was requested to give another message at the same little church, but this time I was to have the entire evening service. Through interests that had become mutual the Lord was melting us together in a very precious way.

At the close of that last evening service I remarked that some months previous, while holding meetings in Toronto, a brother there had promised to support a lady worker providing I found one, but that he had never been heard of again since that worker had been found. I felt that as they had already done so much for the Ebenezer work, they would also pray for Sister Boyer, who in consequence of the above fact was still in need of her support and passage money. The thought that this little church could do still more than what they had already done never occurred to me for even a moment. Nor had I any desire whatever to press for more. The work that the Lord was seeking to do through them had, however, not yet reached its climax.

After my return to Oakland Sister Boyer was all ready to go with us. Her position in the Bible Institute had been resigned, and her passage to China booked by faith. Just three days before sailing the following night letter was received: "Have you the support and

passage money for Sister Boyer? I hope not. I have been thinking what a pleasure it would be to support her, etc." Signed by Miss S. another member of that little church. It almost seemed too good to be true, and yet it was, and just like the Lord to work in that wonderful way.

The fact that the funds needed for our own family passage had also come in from various sources in the United States and Canada while I was still at Los Angeles made our joy complete. We had never seen God working in this fashion before, but praise his Name! He still delights to "choose the weak things of the world to confound the mighty," and "the things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are."

There are still a few more items that should be recorded in connection with the above. The first of these is a remark made to me at the close of that last Los Angeles meeting, namely: "It is too bad that Dr. C. is out of town and couldn't be here to hear you. I am sure he would have been glad to do something for your work had he been here, as he is well able. But the fact that he was out of town at the time of that meeting, did not in any way hinder the Lord from using him also. One of the first checks received after our return to the field was from this dear brother, and it was large enough to enable us to open work at several of our outlying market towns.

The second thing that I feel impressed to add is, that Miss Boyer celebrated her fortieth birthday the day after we set sail, greatly praising the Lord for the way He had met her on her above mentioned covenant with him.

The third is that in addition to the two missionaries who in answer to prayer responded to the Lord's call to China at the close of this furlough, there was still another who had heard that call at its beginning, some months before that memorable A. M. praise service. This was our Brother Charles A. Roberts. He was then, however, only 17 years of age, and hence still in need of a few more years of preparation and training in the homeland. During that

time the Lord also gave him a suitable companion and a precious little daughter, all of whom it was my privilege to welcome at the Hankow docks upon their arrival several years later.

The remarkable thing about Brother Roberts' coming to us at that later date was that he arrived just in time to fill the vacancy left by Brother Von Klitzing, who being a citizen of Germany had been recalled to the service of his fatherland at the beginning of World War I.

Thus the answer to our prayer for two new missionaries was not only left unbroken, but a third was also added to their number. Mrs. Roberts laid down her young life for the Lord's cause during her first term of service in Miyang, where during those few short years she had greatly endeared herself to all who knew her. Brother Roberts later accepted a call to the Hunan Bible Institute, where he faithfully served as a member of its faculty and teaching staff. It was through his courtesy that Pastor Liu and several others of our Miyang workers were enabled to later take their training at that institute, and to whom our Miyang Church has therefore been greatly indebted.

But in closing I would like to ask the question: When and where did these problematical mountains spoken of in this chapter first begin to flow down? And whence the streams of blessing thus showered upon us during those last wonderful days of our first furlough? Was it not in that little Saturday morning meeting at which in spite of the seemingly hopeless situation we were enabled by the grace of God to bring unto him our "sacrifice of praise," and that by thus "rendering unto him the glory due to his Name," we were led on to "triumph in his praise?" Ps. 116:17; 29:2; 106:47.

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THE LORD SUPPLIED THE NEEDS FOR OUR MIYANG STREET CHAPEL

"My God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Philippians 4:19.

When obliged to leave China for our first furlough, it was necessary to leave behind us an unfinished two-story street chapel. The first story had been almost completed, while the upper one was still to be added. At the outset this was due to a lack of funds, and later to the emergencies arising from the 1911 Revolution, when the bricks and lime already purchased for this building had to be used for the repairs of the city wall.

I had asked the church to pray that the Lord might raise up the funds still needed for the chapel during our furlough, so that we might finish the building immediately after my return. But this prayer had not been answered during that time. The Lord had a purpose in withholding these funds, though He had so graciously met all our other needs. Upon my return to the field I found the church, then still in its infancy, greatly in need of my shepherding care. Many of them, though they had attended the services during our absence, had fallen into various kinds of sin and needed to be restored. Much prayer and a series of special meetings were necessary before we were ready to deal with the material problems of the work. It was therefore not until these spiritual needs had been met, and the blessings sought for obtained, that the needs of the street chapel were again laid upon our hearts. We felt that then the time had arrived when the Lord would again work in behalf of our material needs.

As we looked down into our front compound and saw that unfinished building we felt that it must be completed, and that as

soon as possible, so that the multitudes continually passing by could drop in to hear the glorious Gospel. One noon, while under a great burden of prayer to this end, it was laid upon my heart to call our two main station helpers to kneel down with me on a large sand pile in the door way of this half-finished street chapel, and in the Name of the Lord Jesus pray that it might speedily be finished and opened. It just seemed to me at the time as if Satan was standing on guard within the precincts of that building, defying its completion. It was our purpose to continue this sandpile prayer-meeting until God had answered our prayers, which was far sooner than we expected. As we knelt there under the scorching noonday sun that very first time, God gave us the assurance that our prayers had been heard and that the answer was already on the way. When we met there the next time it was simply to praise him for this answer. This was received in the form of a liberal homeland check in less than a month. With these funds in hand the building was at once resumed, though during very troublous times and hence under the most trying circumstances. The great robber chief, White Wolf, and his bands were then roving over our province, thus making it hard for our carters to take the overland trips necessary for the hauling of the lumber and the other materials still needed for the finishing of the chapel. When we had therefore arrived at a certain stage of the building we were unable to proceed with our program, as we were still in need of considerable more lumber than our carters had been able to haul.

Through some of our good Chinese neighbors I had learned sometime previously that only a block from our street chapel there was a fine lot of lumber, which had been stored there for about fifty years but which was still in good condition. This was being held for a high price by its latest owner. As I went over to look at that lumber I felt it was just what was needed for the completion of our street chapel and that it had been put and held there by the Lord all these years for that special purpose. After making what we considered a liberal bid, which was about one-half of the price asked by

the owner, we began to pray that the Lord would give it to us at this price. We felt that it was his, and that He would answer our prayer on its behalf, notwithstanding the fact that the owner insisted on the double amount.

According to Chinese custom the bargaining for this lumber pile went on for some time, when something entirely unexpected suddenly happened. The son of its owner got into a serious difficulty with another party, requiring a considerable sum of money for its judicial settlement. As the son was unable to meet this obligation there was only one way out, and that was for the father to pay the demanded sum, and that without delay. Where in the neighborhood would he be able to find the ready cash to meet this demand? There seemed to be only one place where he thought it might be immediately secured, and that was from the foreign missionary with whom he had been negotiating about the lumber. Then according to Oriental custom it was our privilege to suggest a reasonable price and to see the deal closed at an approximate figure. In a few days that entire lot of lumber had been carried over to our mission premises, and when the street chapel was finished, almost every piece of it had found its place in to some parts of the building. Truly 'all things', even such untoward incidents as this one, "work together for good to them that love God." We had a special time of praise and thanksgiving because of this wonderful answer to prayer, though not for the way in which it came about, and we still praise him today for the thousands who have had the privilege of hearing the Gospel in that street chapel during the years that followed.

CHAPTER XIII.

TROPHIES OF ANSWERED PRAYER* SOULS WON AND LABORERS THRUST FORTH

PART I.

"For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye, before our Lord Jesus at his coming? For ye are our glory and our joy." 1 Thess. 2:9,20.

The two phases of a true Gospel ministry, as summed up in Acts 6:4 are: "prayer and the ministry of the Word." In this passage prayer comes first and preaching second, thus clearly signifying their respective importance. When writing to the Galatians Paul inform them that he was "travailing again in birth until Christ be formed in them;" a symbol or figure of passionate intercessory prayer: while in the Epistle to the Corinthians he speaks of having "begotten them through the Gospel." Gal. 4:19; 1 Cor. 4:15. Thus born again souls are brought into the Kingdom of God through the ministry of prayer as well as through that of preaching.

Throughout my entire China ministry there were very few, if any, who came to Christ through the preaching of the Gospel, who were not also brought to him either directly or indirectly through the prayers of others. Again and again while examining candidates for baptism they would testify among other things to the prayers of those through whom they had been led to Christ. Many found him while being prayed with by some one else, others when praying for themselves under the convicting power of the Spirit. In addition to the above the united strength of our praying homeland constituency has also been a great factor in this ministry.

*NOTE—As the *Trophies of Answered Prayers*, recorded in this chapter, represent the very heart and center of its missionary triumphs, I have decided to also give them the central place of my testimony in this volume.

In Matt. 9:38, "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He send forth laborers into his harvest," prayer is mentioned as the method by which laborers are thrust forth, while in Eph. 4:11 these laborers are referred to as God's gifts to his Church and the answer to such prayer.

The greater part of this chapter entitled *Trophies of Prayer*, is a record of a few of our Chinese converts, who were not only won to Christ through "prayer and the ministry of the Word," but who, after having been thus won to him, were in answer to prayer later also thrust forth into his harvest. In as far as possible I shall try to relate these in their chronological order.

ELDER LI

The conversion and thrusting forth of the first of these trophies, our good Elder Li, has already been referred to in connection with the purchasing of our Miyang property, but a few more interesting details concerning him still remain to be added in this chapter.

Brother Li, like his uncle, had been a victim of the opium habit for fifteen years or more. When we first opened the work there he would occasionally come over to the western suburb to talk to me about the Gospel. He seemed very frank and open and hungry for spiritual things. As he had been recommended to us as a scholar in good standing, and we were just then in need of a competent language teacher, he seemed to be the very man to fill that place, but like Naaman of old "he was a leper," (2 Kings 5:1) a confirmed opium smoker, and how could we employ him under those conditions? Then too, I felt just a bit suspicious about him lest he should be coming with some ulterior motive, and then later turn out to be a "rice Christian." But he kept on coming and seemed to be in earnest. Before long he informed us that he desired to break off his opium habit and to believe on the Lord. At the same time he also ventured to ask whether he might stay on our mission premises until, with the help of our fellowship and prayers, he could be fully delivered. This request was of course gladly granted, and a period of two weeks agreed upon for this probation. During that brief

period Mr. Li was completely delivered from his opium habit. The great change which soon came into his countenance, the new elasticity in his step, the speedy increase of his avoirdupois, and most of all the testimony to his newly found joy and victory in the Lord, all bore sufficient evidence to this fact. He became our first Miyang convert, language teacher, school teacher, and all-around helper. He was the firstfruit of the first five to be baptized, who constituted the charter members of our Miyang Church, and as such later also became their first elder. His life fairly shone for Jesus, so that he soon won the confidence and respect of all who knew him. The only regret that I have to express concerning him is that he lived only five years after his conversion. But during those five brief years he made an indelible impression upon our infant Miyang Church which was felt for years after. One missionary, who had become acquainted with him on Kikungshan, said to me later, "Meeting that dear brother almost seems like meeting Jesus himself; he seems to bear with him the very fragrance of heaven. Elder Li was not only the first, but also one of the most outstanding of our Miyang trophies, and one whose short span of service truly counted for God."

WU TUAN PEN

The next trophy to be introduced is our second convert, Mr. Wu Tuan Pen, upon whose shoulders fell the cloak of church eldership after Brother Li had passed away. Elder Wu was one of the Lord's special gifts to his Miyang church. When he visited me for the very first time I somehow felt that he was destined for the Master's use, and immediately began to pray for him to that effect. He soon became a regular attendant at our Sunday services, and was one of the first five to be baptized a year or more later. After we had moved into our larger premises in the city he offered himself for the Lord's service and, being an educated and gifted man, became a valuable and all-around helper in the work.

I still remember very vividly the morning when Mr. Wu came into our mission premises with tears in his eyes as he said: "Pastor, I have forsaken all to follow the Lord. Before I came here my

father told me that if I entered the services of the foreigners he would disinherit me; but I have surrendered all, and am willing to follow the Lord at any cost." This threat of his father's was, however, never carried out, as some years later he too, through the prayers and the consistent life of his son, became interested in the Gospel. His old mother held on to her heathen superstition until shortly before her death, when through a rather strange and remarkable providence she accepted Christ as her Saviour and died rejoicing in him. This was a great joy to Elder Wu, who had been praying for her salvation ever since his own conversion.

Before his conversion Mr. Wu was one of the most covetous men I had ever met, but through the transforming grace of God he became a new creature in Christ Jesus, honored, beloved and trusted by all who knew him. For more than twenty-five years he served as treasurer both of the church and the mission, and I am glad to be able to add that during all those years his honesty and integrity were never once called into question. He was truly a trophy of God's grace, given to us in answer to prayer for that important office.

During the revival of 1910, recorded in chapter ten, the Lord quickened to Mr. Wu a passage of Scripture which left its seal upon him ever after. It was Gal. 6:17: "Henceforth let no man trouble me, for I bear branded on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus." From that time forward he seemed to be especially endued with the Spirit's gift of ministering (Rom. 12:7), and thus became servant to all (Mark 10:44), and as such an indispensable elder and pillar of our Miyang church.

Several years after his death his adopted son, Fang Cheng, was appointed as treasurer in his father's place, and has proved himself equally worthy of his trust.

LI TIEN CHING

Next in order I would mention Li Tien Ching, our first ordained pastor, who when only 15 years of age was led to Christ through the earnest prayers and example of his uncle, Elder Li.

After finishing his primary and Bible school courses in our Miyang mission he attended the Shansi Bible School of the C. I. M., from which he graduated two years later. Upon his return he entered the service of the mission where he soon became a great blessing to our growing Miyang church and was ordained as its assistant pastor several years later. During the evacuation of 1927 he accepted a call to Mukden, Manchuria, where he was still faithfully serving and bearing fruit for the Lord when we last heard from him. For some years he had been hoping to return with his family to his old home church, but this desire of his was still unrealized when we left the field. Pastor Li was a consecrated and gifted pastor and another real trophy of God's redeeming grace.

MRS. LIU OUR FIRST BIBLE WOMAN

Mrs. Liu, already referred to in the Revival Story of chapter ten, was ordained as the first Bible woman at the same time when Mr. Li was ordained as pastor, a capacity in which she has been faithfully serving the Lord for more than thirty years. Mrs. Liu was endued with a special gift of healing, through which many were restored in answer to her prayer of faith. Many others also through her ministry have been led to know Christ as the great physician of their souls. She was a woman of much prayer, and seldom ever prayed for the lost without the tears tricking down her cheeks. She was always glad and ready to go wherever she was needed, and counted no cost too great when a soul was at stake, and though already in her seventies she was still making her evangelistic itineraries when we left the field.

MRS. YU

Mrs. Yu was converted in answer to prayer while serving as an amah for our children, and has been serving as a Bible woman for more than a score of years since. She is another woman with a real passion for souls, and has led many of her own relatives to the Lord. Though she too was in her seventies when we left China, she was still active in the Gospel campaigns of the mission, and always ready to minister to the eager throngs of listeners wherever they might

be found.

Her son Hsiung Tai, the only remaining child out of twelve, has been following in her steps for some years as an active Gospel worker. It was he who accompanied us to Sian, when we were obliged to flee from the Japanese in the spring of 1944.

RUAN FENG HSIEN

Old Brother Ruan of Chia Low was a Confucian scholar, who was blessedly saved through the reading of a New Testament, handed to him by his praying sister. He had at that time already been reduced to a mere skeleton ready to drop into a Christ-less grave after having been an opium smoker for about thirty-seven years. But the God of all grace, who answers prayer for even such as he, saved him and allotted to him another ten years of fruitful Gospel ministry during which a number of his Chia Lou neighbors were won to Christ.

One of Brother Ruan's first converts was old Mr. Chia, the Elder and bully of Chia Lou. Though unable to read a single character this old man, then seventy-five years of age, was the leader of his town, and was feared by the whole community because of his domineering and ferocious manner. But oh what a change when Christ came into his heart! He became so transformed that even the little children on the street, who had feared him before, were drawn to him by the gentleness of Christ which had then become so manifest in his life.

Soon after his conversion I encouraged him to learn to read and promised him a nice large character New Testament, providing he would first learn to read our small mission catechism. Though hesitating because of his old age he finally consented to my proposition and began to "pei," commit to memory, the characters of the little book. And so perseveringly did he keep at it, that before he passed away at the age of eighty-four, nine years later, he was able through Brother Ruan's help to read quite fluently his entire New Testament.

Being a sturdy old man, his last years were largely spent in the

preaching of the Gospel, so that there was hardly a fair or theatre in the district where old Brother Chia could not be found with his little announcing bell, and with his Gospels and tracts always wearing the same sweet winning smile on his face. The very memory of him shall ever be sacred to me.

Through the instrumentality of these two brethren, Ruan and Chia, quite a number of old people in that vicinity were won to the Lord, all of whom are now with them in the glory! How glad I shall be to meet them again when Jesus comes. I love to think back to my early visits to Chia Lou, that humble little village quietly nestled between our beautiful Miyang hills, as the Bethany of our China mission field, and as a place where I spent some of the happiest days of my life.

LI PEN RUNG

Li Pen Rung, the converted gambler, served as the Chia Lou evangelist after Mr. Ruan and Mr. Chia had passed on. Mr. Li was not an ordinary gambler, but one especially noted for his cleverness in this crafty art and whose conversion, therefore, became an indisputable testimony to the power of the Gospel throughout his entire district. Often when speaking to some of the unconverted about the Lord I would ask them questions somewhat like these: "Do you know Mr. Li Pen Rung? Is he the same gambler that he used to be? What was it that brought this great change into his life?" To this last question there was usually only one answer that they were able to give, or one fact they were obliged to admit, and that was "the power of the Gospel." Which, praise God, is still "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth:" Rom. 1:16.

WANG YU SHAN, OUR TENT EVANGELIST

Another one whom I would like to mention is Wang Yu Shan, our adopted beggar boy, who was received into our mission family when only nine years of age. Though Yu Shan from the beginning of his adoption had been a child of many prayers, it was not until after some years of ups and downs that we finally had the joy of seeing him settle down and made meet for the Master's use. After

learning to know Christ as his Saviour and Lord he served the mission as its tent evangelist and as a fellow helper at the main station when not engaged in evangelistic work.

He has a rare gift of preaching the Gospel to those who have never heard it before, especially to the illiterate old women; also an unusual endowment of managing ability, which has made him an important figure or factor at our large annual gatherings where sometimes as many as a thousand have had to be fed several times a day. His six children are about as handsome a little bunch as any that can be found in the land, and it has been a real pleasure to be addressed by them as their "Yeh," or granddaddy.

WU TSAN YU (MR. WU NO. 3)

Wu Tsan Yu, the son of the old evangelist with whom we opened our Miyang work, is another trophy of much prayer. He was dedicated to the Lord's service by his Christian mother before he was born, but it was not until after years of his mother's persevering prayers that he finally surrendered his life to God, and became the fervent evangelist for which she had prayed so long. He has had a large share in our Miyang work ever since and has for more than a score of years been shepherding our Chun Shui out-station flock where during all these years we have enjoyed many seasons of blessed fellowship together.

WANG TEH LIN AND SHIH SIN SAN

Two of our converts, Wang Teh Lin and Shih Sin San, have come from the ranks of the Bolsheviks or Communists. While both of these young men had been educated in our mission schools, where they had received an intellectual knowledge of the Gospel, they had not yet experienced its power in their lives. As a result of this lack they were both taken off their feet when during the evacuation period in 1927 that awful wave of Bolshevism swept over China.

One of them, Mr. Shih, had even served as one of its leaders for five years, which, naturally speaking, made his conversion still more difficult. But the great longing heart of God would not let him go. His love for them frequently found expression through the

prayers of his Miyang flock with which they had been so intimately associated in the past, and He never ceased to follow them until they had been brought into his fold. Mr. Shih after his conversion spent four years in the Shantung Seminary, where he was supported by the Southern Baptist Mission, and from which Seminary he graduated in the spring of 1943. The other, Mr. Wang, took a year's Bible course under the direction of Pastor Liu, while confined to our Miyang prison, and then after being released spent three years in the Hunan Bible Institute from which, like Pastor Liu, he also graduated as the valedictorian of his class.

When we left China both of these young brethren were filling important places as Christian leaders in other missions, one in northern Honan and the other in Hunan, where they were doing good service for their Master. Both of them would have preferred to remain and serve in their own mission, but owing to their communistic background their transfer to another field seemed more expedient. Wherever a communist is truly converted he is usually singled out as a target for persecution by his old associates.

LI HUAN CH'ING, ELDER NO 2

One of our latest prayer trophies to be won to Christ and thrust forth into his service was a Confucian scholar by the name of Li Huan Ching. Though Mr. Li had occasionally attended our services and had known the Gospel for some years, he was very slow in making his decision for Christ. But the Good Shepherd, who always knows just how, when, and where to find his sheep, also had his own time and way of bringing this one into his fold.

It was through the ringing of our church bell on a Saturday night, while Mr. Li was in his own home, that he was brought to the Lord. As he heard that Saturday night bell announcing the approaching Sabbath he said to himself, "That Gospel Hall is the only place in this city where true peace can be found, and I am still without it." While thus expostulating with himself he was suddenly brought under deep conviction of sin; and right then and there, while pouring out his heart in humble confession to the Lord, whose

salvation he had been neglecting for so long, he entered into his wonderful peace, that peace which he thought could be found only at the Gospel Hall, but which came to him right then and there.

He soon became a powerful evangelist, endued with the Spirit's gift of a great faith, bearing fruit for his Master wherever he went. Many were both saved and healed through his ministry. Later he was set apart by the church as its field evangelist in which capacity he was still serving when we left China. The Soa Chuang revival, recorded in Chapter 25, Part 1, took place under his leadership.

MRS. YANG

An idol worshipping widow, locked up as it were in her small and wretched heathen home, spending most of her time grieving and weeping over her departed husband and cherishing the hope of soon following him in death, would seem a very unlikely candidate for a Bible woman, which was at that time one of our greatest needs. But such she was, nevertheless, though then still a diamond in the rough.

Having been strictly admonished by her husband to have nothing whatsoever to do with the foreigners' religion, she was fully determined to follow his instructions and could, therefore, not be persuaded to go to the Gospel Hall, or even to listen to the Gospel story from the lips of a village relative who faithfully sought to lead her to the Lord. At one time she even closed the door in the face of another, who also was earnestly seeking to point her to the Lord as the One who alone could comfort her sorrowing heart; but she was more determined than ever to have none of his doctrine. Undaunted by her rude treatment, however, this brother soon called on her again; but this time, earnestly desiring that she should listen to him until he had delivered his message, he placed his foot in the door way before she had time to close the door. This second attempt was more successful than the first.

The next time Mrs. Yang heard the Gospel was when the foreign pastor came to her village and preached in the open air. As she saw the crowds gathering about him, she too became curious to

hear what he had to say. The Scriptures, "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God," quoted as she listened, brought conviction to her heart and was used of the Lord to awaken her interest in the Gospel. It was not very long after that, when all her opposition had been broken down, that she yielded her life to him who had died for her, and became an earnest follower of her Lord. She at once began witnessing for him wherever she had an opportunity, and was thus being gradually fitted to become the Bible woman for which we had so long and earnestly been praying. Later she attended our phonetic script school and there learned to read her New Testament with which she soon became quite familiar, and was thereby equipped to use it as the sword of the Spirit in her labor for souls.

Mrs. Yang is a woman of considerable ability, and one with a lot of good common sense as well as one endued with the gift of "putting over" the good old Gospel to the ignorant and benighted women who have never heard it before. As such she has during these last strenuous years been a valuable asset to our main station working force, especially at the time of our larger gatherings and special protracted meetings. She is truly a good demonstration of the Scripture—speaking of the rock turned into a pool of water, and the flint into a fountain of waters. Ps. 114:8.

MRS. LI

Mrs. Li is one of our mission neighbors, who for some years would have nothing whatsoever to do with the Gospel, but who was finally won over through the influence and prayers of her relative, Mr. Li, the converted gambler. During the last few years she has been Mrs. Yang's faithful main station helper. Being a woman of culture and refinement, she is well fitted to deal with the community's elite, many of whom are now becoming interested in the Gospel.

TIMOTHY LIU, OUR PRESENT CHINESE PASTOR

(I have left this sketch for the last, as I thought it would be a fitting climax with which to close this part of our chapter.)

Our second and present Chinese pastor, Timothy Liu, or "our

son Timothy," as he is wont to call himself, has for some years been taking my place as the pastor and leader of the Miyang church. Pastor Liu is a rare combination of evangelist, pastor and teacher with the additional qualifications of being a musician and a poet. He is one for whose consecration and devoted life and service we have always felt especially grateful.

He came to our mission school when only seven years of age, and from the very beginning seemed to stand out as a marked and chosen vessel of the Lord. By the time he was fifteen years of age he had already become such an outstanding evangelist that we gave him the name of Timothy, by which he has been known ever since. After graduating from the Hunan Bible Institute, where he had the honor of being valedictorian of his class, several good remunerative doors of service were open for him in that province. He, however, declined them all, and was willing to come back to his own home church in Miyang with the prospects of far less remuneration than he had been offered elsewhere. Thus, in answer to believing prayer, he was not only given to us as a worker at the beginning, but also given back to the church as its pastor after finishing his Bible school training.

In addition to serving our Miyang church he has from time to time been holding meetings in various other fields or missions throughout the province and has also been a blessing to many of these churches.

I have often been greatly blessed and refreshed while listening to his rich and inspiring expositions of the Word, and never grew weary of the good spiritual choruses which he was so well able to compose and to set to good Chinese music. He generally had ready a number of new ones for our large annual conferences and short term Bible schools, which were greatly enjoyed and sung with real zest by his enthusiastic audiences. During our last Christmas season on the field we even had the pleasure of hearing a number of our musical young men, who had been trained by him, singing the *Hallelujah Chorus*.

After our leaving Miyang in the spring of 1944 he faithfully and courageously continued the supervision of the work, and has also kept us posted on what was going on. In this way we have been enabled to share with him in prayer the burdens and responsibilities of the work, and thus continue our fellowship in the Gospel. It has been a great comfort to be able to leave the work under his supervision, and to know that with the help and blessing of the Lord he would be able to carry it forward.

I praise God with all my heart for each of the precious trophies recorded in this chapter, for the souls won and the laborers thrust forth in answer to believing prayer, and for many others like them whose records could not be included here—men and women who have been truly “born again,” and who have been faithfully serving their Lord, going hither and thither, from one end of the field to the other, seeking the lost in the out-of-the-way mountain districts, and in the remotest corners of the field. Like the apostle Paul they too “have not counted their lives dear unto themselves,” and no cost too great to find their Saviour’s lost sheep. Their names and records will be found written in the Lamb’s Book of Life, and they will hear his “well done” when He comes again. God bless them all and keep them faithful until their work is done.

PART II.

THE CREATIVE POWER OF PRAYER

“By faith we understand.....that what is seen hath not been made out of things which do appear.” Hebrews 11:3.

God chose “the things that are not, that he might bring to naught the things that are.” 1 Corinthians 1:28.

God “calleth the things that are not, as though they were.”
Romans 4:17.

The reason why the following trophies of prayer are here separately cited in connection with the above quoted title and Scriptures, is because they present an apt and concrete illustration of the same, and of the definition of prayer which they suggest. This

definition, though not elementary, is nevertheless a basic one, and one which has in a very special way been a great inspiration and incentive to me. It is this: "Prayer, that is, true prayer, prayer in the Holy Ghost, is the process by which the Spirit of God, through the instrumentality of human lips, creates or speaks into existence things or circumstances that are not, or do not exist."

Most of my readers are no doubt familiar with the little motto: "Prayer changes things," found on the walls of so many of our Christian homes, but may not be quite so familiar with the definition of prayer suggested above, which in its abbreviated form would read "Prayer creates things," and is probably even more expressive and suggestive than the other.

But now as to our two illustrations of this definition, or its abbreviated motto.

Illustration No. 1

For a long time there had been upon my heart a real prayer for a good cornetist to lead our congregational singing. Especially for our large annual gatherings, at which it was almost impossible to lead the singing without the use of such an instrument. Some years ago while cleaning up the attic of one of our Mission houses, I happened (?) to find an old cornet which was quite out of order, and hence in need of repairs, left there by Brother Roberts, one of our former missionaries. I took it down into my office and put it on the top of my bookcase, believing that I would soon find the one who would be able to repair it and also able to use it. There was one young man in our Miyang church especially gifted both as a mechanic and as a musician, a Mr. Lü, who I somehow felt was the one for whom it might be intended of the Lord. When he therefore came into my study some time later,—he was one of our out-station Christians, who had been saved while attending our mission school—I said to him: "Lin Cheo, if you can fix this cornet, it may be yours to use in the Lord's service." He gratefully accepted my offer, saying he would do what he could with the instrument.

This took place shortly before we left for our summer holidays

on Kikungshan. When we returned about two months later, I found to my utter amazement and surprise, that not only had the cornet been satisfactorily repaired but that he had learned to play by ear quite a number of our familiar Gospel hymns. This had been accomplished with only a few suggestions given to him by another Miyang young man, also able to play, who happened to be visiting there during that summer. But what was most gratifying of all was the fact that his playing was not of a mechanical sort, but the product of a truly God-given talent, and that he was ready to lead the congregational singing at our annual fall meetings two months later.

On the following Christmas the Lord sent back to Miyang the same young brother who had taught him to play, and thus gave us two cornetists instead of one. It is just like Him to do "the exceeding abundantly above all that we can ask or think." Eph. 3:20.

Illustration No. 2

One spring we were confronted with the problem and need of two new teachers for the fall term of our boys' school, as there was absolutely no one in sight to fill these ensuing vacancies. There was, therefore, nothing else for us to do but to go to God in prayer, and to trust him to raise them up, and this He did in a most unexpected way. When the time for the opening of the fall term had arrived, two young men, who had recently graduated from two other more advanced schools, offered their services for ours. They had during the summer months, been led to the Lord by Pastor Liu and were ready to enlist for his service, and that without the promise of a definite or fixed salary. Thus our "make nothing into something God" (Rom. 4:17, Chinese Version) again met us on our own ground by creating these two men in Christ Jesus unto the good works in which they were to walk during the coming year. Eph. 2:10.

Though these men existed, one as a farmer and two as students, before we began praying for them as cornetist and teachers, it was through our prayers that they were created, as it were, into the helpers then needed for the Lord's service, a fact which without

those prayers would in all probability not have been the case. "If ye ask.....I will do." John 14:13,14.

PART III.

TWO JUVENILE TROPHIES

"He will gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom." Isaiah 40:11.

In these days in which we read and hear so much about juvenile delinquency, I thought it would be refreshing to read the account of these two "Juvenile Trophies" of China, Sui Li and Kueh Chang, recorded in the closing part of this chapter; one of which occurred at the beginning of our China ministry and the other toward the close.

SUI LI

The details of Sui Li's conversion, though it occurred more than thirty years ago, are still vivid in my mind. Before we knew his name we used to call him "the boy with the smiling face." Sui Li was rather a timid lad of about 16 or 17 years of age, who would usually sit on one of the back seats of the chapel; but no matter when or where we saw him, he always wore the same smile.

It was only after he had been attending services for some time that we discovered that he was the cook of our first Elder Li, through whose influence and example he had also become interested in the Gospel and was finally saved. Hence the name Sui Li—Sui means to follow, signifying that he was a follower of Mr. Li. As his salvation had been one of the burdens of my intercession for some time, it naturally brought great joy to me when these prayers were finally answered. One bright June morning, shortly before leaving the intense heat of the plains for the cool retreat of the mountains, I heard someone gently knocking at my office door. As I opened I found Sui Li standing outside, apparently in great distress. After coming in he addressed me somewhat as follows: "Pastor, my heart is very unpeaceful; I want you to pray for me." I soon found out that he was under deep conviction of sin, which he was desirous to

confess and that he had come for that particular purpose. After dealing with him concerning his condition, we knelt down together and he poured out his heart in humble confession before the Lord. When we rose from our knees his face was radiant with the glow of heaven, while tears of joy were trickling down his cheeks. He then said: "Pastor, I'm so happy, I believe Jesus washed away my sin and from now on I want to serve him." It was a hallowed hour indeed and one which has left an indelible impression upon my memory. He soon left my office and I was never to have the joy of looking into that smiling face again.

When I returned from the mountain that fall and inquired about Sui Li, I found that he had gone to be with the Lord soon after that morning's interview. He had been poisoned by some noxious weed and as a result died a few days later. I am looking forward to the day when I shall have the joy of again looking into his smiling face, but the greatest of all will be to look into the face of him through whose precious blood Sui Li received forgiveness of sin and became so transformed that morning.

KUEH CHANG

Kueh Chang was one of the brightest and most attractive Chinese lads I have ever met. When, for the first time I looked into his beautiful and fascinating brown eyes, they fairly sparkled with the joy of the Lord. He had just been saved and had during that short time also won over his little sister, whose joy of salvation greatly added to his own. They had both come to the city that morning to attend their first service and to buy a Bible.

Though Kuei Chang was only twelve years of age he had spent six years in school and was therefore able to read. Through their neighbor, Mrs. Hsia, whose light was shining brightly for Christ in that village, he had not only read the Gospel but had also for some time been the subject of her prayers.

At first he resisted, ridiculed and persecuted her, but in spite of this opposition he continued coming to her home until he was not only won over to the Lord but also became a living witness

for him.

After attending several of our city services he again ceased coming. As we greatly missed him, we went out to his village to see him and to ascertain the cause of his absence. While there we learned that his mother, who was then still a devoted idolater, had told him that under no circumstances would he ever be permitted to attend those services again, and that henceforth he was to have nothing further to do with the foreigner's religion. We did what we could to persuade her of her mistaken attitude, and to induce her to let the children come back to the services, but all to no avail. Shortly after that visit Kuei Chang took sick, and before we knew it, he had gone to be with the Lord. His illness seemed to be of a rather mysterious and inexplicable nature. It may be that his mother's stern und unrelenting attitude toward his newly found Saviour broke his sensitive little heart. While he was ill she did all she could to persuade him to give up his Jesus doctrine, assuring him that he would soon be well if he did so; but to this he only replied: "I will never give up Jesus." In her utter extremity to see him healed she resorted to various kinds of quack medicine, which the neighbors thought put the finishing touch to his precious little life. His sister followed him soon after and then their little baby brother died too. When later we visited this mother in her sorrow, we sought to comfort her with the story of the mother sheep who was unwilling to follow her shepherd over a certain foot-bridge until he had first carried over her wee lamb, when she too followed on.

Whether this story made any impression on Kuei Chang's mother or not I do not know; I am glad, however, to be able to state that in this case the mother sheep also followed her shepherd after her three little lambs had been carried across.

One of the last things to rejoice our hearts shortly before leaving China was to see her at our Sunday services and to hear her say, "Now I believe in Jesus too." Hence Kuei Chang and his little sister had not died in vain.

After reading the sketches of all these trophies of prayer you

would hardly venture to ask the question as to whether it was worth while to spend those thirty-nine years in China. Should you do so, I would gladly answer: "Yes, a thousand times, yes!" and I shall never cease to praise the Lord for giving me that glorious privilege.

The Master said, "Come follow," that was all.

Earth's joys grew dim, my soul went after Him;

I rose and followed, that was all.

Will you not follow, if you hear His call?

The precious souls recorded in the three parts of this chapter have not been won to Christ only through the preaching of the Gospel, but they were also prayed into his Kingdom. It will, indeed most assuredly be a real great joy to meet them all again, "made beautiful by love divine" when Jesus comes, and to cast at his feet the crown of rejoicing which their salvation and the fruits of their labors will bring in that day.

CHAPTER XIV.

PART I.

REMARKABLE HEALINGS IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

"And he healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken through Isaiah the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities, and bear our diseases." Matthew 8:16,17.

"By whose stripes ye were healed." 1 Peter 2:24.

In relating these healings on the spiritual plane largely experienced in answer to believing prayer, I do not in any wise wish to minimize those wrought through the marvels of medical science on the physical plane, nor to depreciate or underestimate the untiring services rendered in that sphere by able and self-sacrificing physicians or surgeons. Personally I believe that there is a sense in which all physical healing is "Divine Healing," whether performed on the natural or supernatural basis, whether obtained through the use of

means without prayer, or through prayer alone without the use of means or through the combination of both. The God who is the Author of every good and perfect gift is also the Author of all physical healing. We should, therefore, render unto the physician all the credit that is due him, but ever remember that all the glory belongs to God alone. Not only the healing but also the physician's skill through which it is performed are both from him. By so reckoning we will be "Rendering unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's."

In reference to the much debated question as to whether our physical healing is included in the atonement or not, I believe I am safe in saying that there is absolutely nothing that a redeemed sinner has or may receive that does not come to him through the merits of our Lord's atoning blood, and that our physical healing is no exception to this rule. This is adequately expressed and taught in Rom. 8:32, "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things?" This does of course not necessarily imply that all who are healed are saved, any more than that all who hear the Gospel are saved. While God is not willing that any should perish, he often has a wise and holy purpose in permitting his children to be sick. For this reason his will and glory should always be taken into consideration when praying for them.

I might also add that physical healing not only constituted a great part of our Lord's ministry while here on earth, as well as that of his early disciples, but that the Holy Spirit's gift of healing, mentioned throughout the New Testament, has never been withdrawn. Like in the days of the early church He is still "confirming his word with signs following," and will continue to do so until He comes again.

Were I to record all the wonderful and miraculous healings which it has been my privilege to witness or to experience in answer to believing prayer, it would require a volume all of its own. In this chapter I can only relate a few of the more outstanding cases, some

of which took place among our Chinese, the others in our own family circle.

While as far as I can recollect we never had a so-called "Divine Healing meeting," that is, a service especially set apart for the ministry of healing, there was hardly ever a Sunday service after which we did not have a number of requests for prayer for the sick. Many of these prayers were marvelously answered, thus verifying the Lord's promise: "These signs shall follow them that believe, they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover," and serving as a proof that He was working with us, "confirming his word with signs following." Mark 16:17,20.

MR. MIAO, THE CRIPPLE BEGGAR

The first, and in some ways perhaps the most miraculous and outstanding case of healing which I shall relate, is that of Mr. Miao, the cripple beggar. His case was a most pitiful one indeed! Through constant exposure as a beggar he had contracted some form of rheumatism which left him so crippled that his knees were almost drawn up to his shoulders, and his heels to his hips. His arms, which had been left unaffected, were therefore used as legs, and with a little stool in each hand serving both as feet and shoes he could be seen hobbling along our Miyang streets, rain or shine, begging for his living.

Through a relative of his he had heard about the Gospel Hall or Jesus Chapel and began to attend our meetings. Often he would remain after the services, listening to the testimonies of salvation and healing, passed on by one or another at such times, or to see some individual prayed for "in Jesus' Name." These testimonies and prayers inspired his faith in the Lord for his own healing and soon led him to seek a similar blessing. One morning the gate keeper came into my study saying: "Pastor, the cripple beggar, Mr. Miao, is in the guest-hall and wants you to come out and pray for him." This request came to me as a real challenge of faith, as I must confess that mine seemed rather insufficient for such a case as his. There was, however, nothing else to do but to accept it and to trust the

Lord to meet the faith which had prompted him to make the request. Accordingly, I went to the guest hall where Mr. Miao met me with a broad smile, repeating his request for prayer. I told him first of all that if he depended on me or on my faith for his healing, he would very likely not be healed. At the same time I also assured him that the Lord knew his heart and that if he really trusted in the Lord for his healing, he would receive according to his faith. He thereupon assured me that his trust was not in me but in the Lord, and insisted upon my hands being laid upon his head and on thus being prayed for "in Jesus' Name," as he had seen it done in other cases. I did so, and before long saw him hobble out of the guest hall very much like he had hobbled in. Soon after that he left the city and went to some other community, so that for some time I lost track of him, though I did not fail to keep his case before the Lord in prayer.

About two years later, while leading one of our Sunday morning services, I noticed a tall, stalwart man entering the chapel with a broad smile on his face. He came forward to take the front seat. His eyes were riveted on me throughout the entire service, his genial smile seldom disappearing as he attentively listened to the message. His face seemed rather familiar, but for some reason or other I was entirely unable to place him and wondered who he could be. Immediately after the close of the service he came forward, saying: "Pastor, don't you know me?" I told him that I recognized his face but was unable to recall his name. Then he said to me, "I am Miao, the cripple. From the very day that you laid your hands upon my head to pray for me, my limbs gradually began to straighten out until they became completely normal as you see them now; so here I am." I could hardly believe my own eyes and ears as he was speaking to me, but sure enough. Like in the case of the blind man recorded in John 9, "it was he," who like a good patient had come back to report his case and to give God the glory.

The following case, which is somewhat similar and yet different, is that of a young man brought to our chapel on an ox cart when

almost reduced to a mere skeleton, and apparently at the very point of death. He had heard something of the power of Jesus to heal, and had come to be prayed for. I rather hesitated to admit him into our mission premises, fearing that he might die on our hands and thus reproach might be brought upon the Lord's cause. As he had come to be healed, however, and would not be refused, we could only have him brought in, and look to the Lord for wisdom and guidance as to how to deal with his case.

While remaining on our mission premises he would insist on being prayed for several times a day, always seemingly comforted when we did so. After being with us for about two or three weeks he suddenly became very restless and expressed a desire to return to his home, though apparently much in the same condition as when he came. Like Miao, the beggar, he too left the place unhealed and was "healed as he went." Luke 17:14.

His visit to our premises took place just before our leaving Miyang for our summer holiday on Kikungshan. After our return in the fall we had another experience very much like that of Mr. Miao's. While giving out my Sunday morning message, I noticed a healthy looking young man on one of the front benches whose face, like Mr. Miao's, seemed quite familiar but which I was unable to place. After the close of the service he remained standing at his seat, evidently waiting to be noticed and spoken to. As I went to him he informed me that he was the young man who had been brought in and later hauled back home on that ox-cart in the spring, and that he had been healed as a result of our praying for him at that time. He too had come back to give God thanks.

MOTHER MA'S CASE

The third instance of healing which I would like to relate is that of Mother Ma, one of our faithful old church members. In spite of her life of poverty and privation, and the constant abuse of her persecuting husband, she usually came to church with a smile of victory on her face.

One Wednesday afternoon she came to the chapel, her face all

swollen with what seemed to be a case of pyorrhea or abscessed teeth. She said that she had not been able to eat or sleep for several days and nights; and asked me to pray that she might be delivered from the awful pain which she was suffering. Knowing what I did of her life of hardship and misery, and believing that the Lord never suffers his trusting children to be tested above that which they are able to bear, I was suddenly and almost unconsciously constrained to raise my hand, and with my whole being going out to God for deliverance, I rebuked the disease and in Jesus' Name claimed the victory on her behalf.

The following Sunday she was back at our meetings, her face perfectly normal, praising the Lord for answered prayer, and telling how she had been able to eat her supper that same evening after she went home and to sleep without a bit of pain throughout the following night. We were glad indeed to hear her testimony, and praised the Lord with her for the way He had again answered prayer.

MR. CH'ANG'S HEALING

Through Mrs. Ma's testimony her next door neighbor, Mr. and Mrs. Ch'ang, had become interested in the Gospel and in the great Physician, "Who forgiveth all our iniquities, and healeth all our diseases." Ps. 103:3. Mr. Ch'ang was at that time suffering with what seemed to be a case of dropsy, and had therefore been earnestly admonished by Mrs. Ma to come to the chapel to be prayed for. As his whole body, especially his abdomen and lower limbs, were considerably swollen, it was only with the utmost exertion that he was able to drag himself to the chapel; but he somehow managed to get there and to sit through the morning service. After its close Mrs. Ma introduced him to me as one who wanted to believe in the Lord, and who had come to be prayed with for his healing.

As I looked at that swollen body, I had to again reckon with the unbelief of my own evil heart (Heb. 3:12), and to look anew to Jesus for his own healing faith, before I could lay my hands on the poor sufferer's head, and in Jesus name claim the victory over his disease.

On the following Sunday Mr. Ch'ang was back to the services with all the swelling out of his body, praising the Lord for his healing, and expressing his desire to follow him. Not very long after I saw him carry a heavy load of sweet potatoes, weighing about one hundred catties. This was sufficient evidence that he had been restored to his normal strength, and that the prayer for his healing had been heard. (Jas. 5:16)

HOW MRS. WANG WAS HEALED OF HER CANCER

Mrs. Wang had an obnoxious cancer in the very center of her face, which had eaten away part of her nose and was threatening to destroy both of her eyes. The odor of this cancer was so offensive that none of her heathen relatives would live with her, or even tolerate her in their presence. In her dire extremity she was about to put an end to her life, and had already decided to hang herself, when through a friendly neighbor she heard of the Jesus Chapel, and of one who was able to heal even such a disease as hers. She at once proceeded to Miyang to find our mission premises, where she was kindly received by Mrs. Liu, our faithful Bible woman, who, like the good Samaritan, "came where she was," and in spite of the offensive odor sympathetically ministered unto her in Jesus' Name. Like the blind man at the Pool of Siloam, Mrs. Wang was told by Mrs. Liu to wash her face in her wash-basin once a day, and to pray the following prayer as she did so: "Lord, wash me from my sins in your own precious blood." This simple admonition was faithfully adhered to. After having thus washed and prayed for some days, the obnoxious cancer one morning dropped off into the wash-basin after a new face had been formed underneath.

Mrs. Wang's heart was filled with gratitude and praise as a result of this miracle, while the testimony of her wonderful healing was noised abroad throughout the entire region. The joy of Mrs. Liu, who had so faithfully ministered to her, also knew no bounds because the Lord had given her such a remarkable answer to her prayers for Mrs. Wang. When we saw Mrs. Wang last, shortly

before leaving China in 1944 even the scars of her healing had almost entirely disappeared.

MRS. HSIUNG'S TUMOR

Mrs. Hsiung, one of our Miyang country women, was regularly attending our Sunday services when we first made her acquaintance. Her motive in coming to the meetings was to be healed of her tumor, a large abdominal growth which was causing her considerable inconvenience and distress. Whenever she came to the meetings, she would gather about her a number of our praying women, who would faithfully present her case to the Lord and pray for her healing.

I do not remember just how long these little prayer meetings for her continued, but there is one thing that I do remember quite distinctly, and that is the Sunday when for the first time I saw her without her tumor. When we asked her how she was healed, she smilingly answered, "It just went away, that was all." Another testimony to the glory of our great Physician who answers prayer!

GRANDMA CHANG'S RESURRECTION

There is just one more incident which I feel I must record before closing the first part of this chapter, one which seemed more like a case of resurrection from the dead than of healing; that of old Grandma Chang.

According to Chinese custom, which makes provision for the burial of the dead while they are still alive, Grandma had already been dressed in her burial clothes, while her casket was standing right outside of the guest-hall door in readiness for its occupant, as it seemed quite obvious that she could not last much longer.

In the evening, when the family guests were already gathering for the seemingly inevitable occasion, her little grandson, then only seven years of age, came home from our mission school all aglow with the good things which he had heard there. He had been Grandma's favorite, and was dearly loved by her. The wonderful stories of Jesus' power to heal, and that he was even able to raise the dead, had gripped his little heart. He was therefore wondering why Jesus

shouldn't be able to heal Grandma. As soon as he entered the room, he said, "Why don't you call in Mrs. Wei, who believes in Jesus, to pray to him for Grandma? He is able to heal the sick and raise the dead, and I am sure that He can also make Grandma well again." In response to his earnest plea their neighbor, Mrs. Wei, was at once sent for; and kneeling beside Grandma's bed, she poured out her heart in earnest prayer and supplication to God to glorify his Name, and, if it were his will, to restore her to life. That prayer, together with the little grandson's simple faith, was not left unanswered.

That very night Grandma Chang had a vision of a stranger, dressed in a shining white robe, coming into her room, and after gently touching her, assuring her that she was soon to be raised up from that bed of sickness. When she awoke, she was able to tell of the vision to those who had gathered for her burial, and of the marvelous change that had come into her body since she had seen that wonderful stranger. She at once concluded that He must have been the Jesus of whom her little grandson had been telling her, and to whom they prayed the night before. He had come to heal her in answer to that prayer.

She was soon divested of her burial clothes, while her casket was returned to its old hiding-place where it remained for another seven years. During that time Grandma Chang had become a fervent believer in the Lord, and a regular attendant at our Gospel services. She was baptised about a year after having been thus raised from the dead, and walked in newness of life both physically and spiritually. When she was dressed in her burial clothes the next time, it was to meet her dear Saviour who had appeared to her as a stranger on that wonderful night seven years before. She had become well acquainted with him since that time, and that all through the plea of her beloved little grandson. What a precious demonstration of the words of Scripture, "A little child shall lead them."

In concluding the first part of this chapter I might add, that not all who seek Christ for the healing of their bodies accept him as the Saviour of their souls. Like the nine lepers in Luke 17, some

are quite eager for the physical healing who have no desire for the spiritual.

Our Lord, while here on earth, was always ready to impart healing to those who had faith to seek and receive it, even when He knew beforehand that they would not "believe to the saving of their souls." Heb. 10:39. The fact that He healed all manner of diseases (Matt. 4:23), and all who came unto him for that purpose (Matt. 12:15), by no means implies that all of them were saved, though many undoubtedly were. Neither does the fact that some who are healed, who refuse to accept him as their Lord and Saviour from sin, make void his words, found in Mark 2:10-11, "But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath authority on earth to forgive sins He saith to the sick of the palsy, I say unto thee, Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house." This Scripture teaches us that his power to heal was the earnest and evidence of his power to save from sin, and though some who are healed are not saved, others are often saved as a result.

PART II.

SOME FAMILY HEALINGS

"He sent his word, and healed them." Psalm 107:20.

In relating some of the many wonderful healings experienced in answer to the prayer of faith within our own family circle, I shall begin with that of my former wife, which took place about thirty years ago. Though she has long since gone to be with the Lord, the incident of that marvelous healing is still fresh in my mind, and will, I trust, prove a strengthening to the faith of many who read this testimony.

For about six months she had been more or less confined to her bed with that dread, Oriental bowel disease, known as the sprue. This disease often necessitates the withdrawal from the mission field by those afflicted therewith, and for a time it seemed as of Mrs. Nowack would have to share the same fate. She would sometimes

have as many as twenty of these frothy evacuations in a single day, and with these a number of other dreaded symptoms which, humanly speaking, made her recovery seem quite hopeless.

From the very beginning of her trouble the Lord had given both of us the united faith that in due time he would give his own healing touch. With this gracious assurance we were enabled to trust him in spite of all the dread symptoms of her disease. While spending the summer on Kikungshan, friends who came in to see her would leave her room weeping, feeling that she could not last much longer, and that our three little girlies, Ruth, Esther and Helen, would soon be without their mother. And so it truly seemed, but not to us. We were not looking at the symptoms of her disease or at the things that were seen, but were standing on the promises of God which had been so marvelously quickened to us on her behalf. These are always "Ye and amen in Christ Jesus," 2 Cor. 1:10, and that regardless of symptoms and circumstances.

Her fortieth birthday, July 28th 1916, was set aside as a special day of prayer and fasting on her behalf, in which a number of our Christian and Missionary Alliance friends and several others joined us. The Lord's presence was with us in a very real way throughout that entire day, and when evening came, we felt that our prayers had been answered and the victory won. On the very next day her evacuations had decreased from their usual number to only two, and these almost normal.

After a month of rest and nurture she was ready to return with us to Miyang, and to enter upon another year of her missionary labors, a year which proved to be one of her most strenuous in China. Though the abnormal size of her acitus abdomen remained, she would always refer to it as "the devil's lie," and faithfully go on with all her labors in spite of it. When six years later the Lord finally took her, it was not as a result of her former illness. A severe cold, contracted while attending a neighboring conference and resulting in pneumonia, was the cause of her death.

Her last message given at this conference was based on the

Scripture, "She hath done what she could," Mark 14:8. This message, like the alabaster box broken by the one of whom she was then speaking, also filled the house with the odor of its ointment and was a fitting climax to her life of fragrant service. John 12:3.

I still praise the Lord for sparing her to us during those additional six years, just when the growing work and family needed her most, and for all that her noble life and self-sacrificing labors meant to those who knew her best. I am confident that much of the blessing enjoyed by the Miyang Church during the early years of its history was due to her faithful service and unceasing intercession.

In my chapter on "Deliverances from the Bandits" I shall speak of another precious answer to prayer granted on her behalf in that connection, and also give a few further details concerning her death and burial.

TWO HEALINGS EXPERIENCED BY MARY PEARL

About six months after the Lord had taken our three and one-half year old little Paul through an attack of membranous croup, Mary Pearl, then about six years of age, was suddenly stricken down with what seemed to be a fatal case of diphtheria, and it looked very much as if we were soon to lose her too. This epidemic was raging everywhere throughout our district, and many children were dying of it. In one home in the city, not very far from ours, four little ones passed away in one week.

For several days Mary Pearl had taken little or no food, and was unable to talk. During the last day or so she did not even open her eyes. We did what we could in the way of combating the disease, but all seemed of no avail. Our little girlie kept growing worse and worse until she seemed to be completely beyond all human aid and hope. The spiritual atmosphere was such that it seemed hard to pray. Our little Paul had just left us some months before, and to lose her, too, seemed almost more than we were able to bear. In the midst of that awful darkness and distress, the suggestion to

offer unto the Lord the sacrifice of praise was suddenly flashed into my mind; and with it a gleam of faith that in this way the Lord might be pleased to send the hoped for deliverance. Accordingly, I went down into my study and sang a number of our best and most inspiring victory hymns, and then immediately returned to our little girlie's room. As I came to her bedside, her eyes were wide open; and oh, what unspeakable joy to find that she was again able to talk. But more encouraging still was the fact that before very long she asked for something to eat! The crisis was past, so that the sacrifice of praise soon became an overflow of praise. Praise ye the Lord!

I feel I dare not close this part without passing on, and heartily recommending to those who may read it, that precious and to some, perhaps, already familiar little motto, "When you can't pray, try praise." There is nothing that pleases the Lord better, and nothing that Satan hates more than praise. "When they began to sing and praise, the Lord set ambushments," 2 Chron. 20:22; "And about midnight when Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns unto God... suddenly there was a great earthquake." Acts. 16:25,26. So let us try praise when things seem too dark to pray.

HEALED OF AMOEBIC DYSENTERY

Her second experience of healing took place during the following summer. This was a marvelous case of restoration after a six week's siege of amoebic dysentery, during which period she was thrice at the point of death. During the greater part of that time she was in the hospital on Kulingshan, one of the China's missionary summer resorts, under the care of several good, experienced and faithful physicians, one of whom had spent almost fifty years in China. Besides these, a nurse and her mother were constantly at her bedside, so that she had every possible care. But in spite of all that could be done, this dread disease, with its recurring flow of blood and mucus seemed determined to run its fatal course, until she had been reduced to a mere skeleton and all hope for her recovery had completely vanished. But, praise be to our faithful God! He abideth faithful, and did

not fail us during those critical days. Each time when she was at the very point of death, He would give us a fresh message from his precious Word to renew our courage for "the good fight of faith," until with the quickening of the last passage she was marvelously and miraculously healed.

During the first two or three weeks after his own healing touch had been given, her improvement was so rapid that we could almost see the flesh growing on her bones; and it surely did us good to see her enjoy her food, five or six times a day, after those long and weary weeks of monotonous dieting.

The passages of Scripture quickened to us at the three crucial times during that illness, and which I am passing on with the prayer and hope that they may also prove a stimulus to others, were as follows:

- (1) Rom. 4:17,18 "Abraham believed God who giveth life to the dead, and calleth the things that are not as though they were, Who in hope believed against hope."
- (2) 2 Cor. 1:9 "Yea, we ourselves had the sentence of death within ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves, but in God who raiseth the deaad."
- (3) Ps. 68:19,20 R. V. "Blessed be God, who daily beareth our burdens, even the God who is our salvation. God is unto us a God of deliverances, and unto Jehovah the Lord belongeth escape from death."

I shall never forget that beautiful summer morning when, with the overwhelming assurance imparted to me by this last life-giving Scripture, I entered Mary Pearl's room where the very hush of death seemed to be holding sway. Her dear mother was standing by her bedside quietly weeping, as the little life seemed to be fast ebbing away, and under those conditions I was enabled to greet her with this glorious "Thus saith the Lord." Then, together we knelt down beside her bed to thank him for the precious assurance of her recovery which these verses had brought to us both, and to feed on his

faithfulness until our faith had once more been completely turned into sight. "He sent his word and healed them."

In concluding the account of this last marvelous healing, I must not fail to add that a large number of dear missionary friends faithfully stood by us in that "fight of faith," and I firmly believe that as in my former wife's case, it was through the united faith and prayers of this army of intercessors that the victory was ultimately given. Another fulfilment of his own precious Word: "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight." Deut. 32:30. We believe that Mary Pearl's life was thus spared to glorify him, as that was the one condition upon which we pled for her recovery.

SEVERAL CASES OF HEALING EXPERIENCED BY THE WRITER

In chapter two I have already related my first experience of healing in answer to prayer, which though very gradual and partly effected through the use of means was nevertheless a case of his own divine healing. In this chapter I would like to mention two more cases experienced by myself, both of which were more or less remarkable, though quite different in their nature.

I shall relate these in the order in which they occurred.

HEALED FROM MALIGNANT MALARIA

Toward the close of our second summer in China I fell a victim to that dreaded disease, malignant malaria, largely due, perhaps, to the damp and mosquito infested quarters in which I had spent some of the previous months. According to the orders of my good physician I used quinine to the extent of thirty grains per day, but without any permanent results. The effects of the quinine were almost harder on my system than those of the fatal malaria, which it was supposed to combat. Though there were times when the disease seemed to be abating, it would soon recur with double force, until the attacks became so violent that they left me entirely unconscious.

The fact that the fall months, the time when we had planned

to be at our station, were already upon us, made matters more trying still. We had already left Kikungshan and gone as far as Kioshan, then our R. R. station on our way to Miyang, where I was seized with the most violent attack of all. When regaining my consciousness after that last attack, I said to my wife, "No more quinine for me. If I am going to die, I'll die from the effects of the malaria rather than from those of the quinine." Then looking to the Lord, I cried to him for deliverance, and at the same time asked him to give me some promise from his Word upon which I could stand for my healing. Almost immediately Rom. 8:11 was flashed into my mind: "If the Spirit that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you;" and with it came the assurance of my healing.

Though this Scripture is usually interpreted as referring to the future resurrection of our immortal bodies, in my case, at least, it was at that time both interpreted and also fulfilled by the acceptance of it, in its application of the Spirit's present quickening of my mortal body, which, judging from its context, still seems to me to be its true and primary interpretation. (See also verse two of this same chapter and 2 Cor. 4:7). At any rate, my acceptance of this latter interpretation has made this Scripture one of those by which my physical life has, to a large extent, been fed and sustained ever since. (See also Matt. 4:4)

I never had another attack of the malaria after that night, and was entirely exempt from it for about seven years afterward. Even then I should probably not have had a recurrence, had I not foolishly yielded to needless exposure, since the promise quickened to me that night remained unchanged.

A few days after my healing I was able to proceed to Hankow to purchase our winter provisions, and that in spite of the most inclement weather, and then to proceed to Miyang with the family where I put in a year of hard work.

A VENTURE OF FAITH

In the beginning of April, 1925, while engaged in some special meetings on our field I received a letter from Kaifeng, the capital of our Honan Province, with an invitation to hold a series of meetings in one of the mission schools of that city. Before even opening that letter the Lord seemed to say to me, "This is a call for service," and I was therefore not at all surprised when upon reading it I found it to be so. The fact that I was allowed a liberal period of time within which to set my own dates for these meetings, made the call seem all the more urgent and inviting. After earnestly praying about it for several days I concluded that it was of the Lord, and wrote them accordingly, suggesting the latter half of May as the time during which I could be with them.

A few days before I was to leave, however, I was suddenly stricken down with a severe attack of flu, and was still sick in bed with pains and fever on the very day I had set for my departure. To start out under such circumstances was, humanly speaking, entirely out of the question. In addition to my physical ailment I was also suffering spiritually, as the oppression and opposition of the enemy was so strong that I could hardly pray. As I thus lay in my bed thinking about the Kaifeng meeting, I felt that I had either been deceived for a whole month concerning that call being of God, or that Satan, whose oppression I so keenly felt at the time, had put that sickness upon me to hinder me from obeying, as I believe that God never contradicts his own calls or purposes. I soon came to the conclusion that it must be the latter. I then immediately sent for the gate-keeper to tell him that if a certain cart, the arrival of which he had announced to me the day before, was still to be had, I would accept it as a token of God's will to proceed to Kaifeng that very afternoon regardless of how I felt. He soon returned, stating that the cart was still to be had as it had been held over a day by the city official for road work.

In less than an hour I did my packing and was on my way,

feeling assured that God would see me through and restore me en route. I had not gone very far, however, before my pains and fever grew much worse, and the devil told me that I had been a big fool to leave my comfortable bed and venture out under such circumstances. I informed my cook, who accompanied me, that unless the Lord undertook for me we would have a bad night of it.

As it had been raining for several days in succession, the roads were anything but favorable, so that we could make only about ten miles that afternoon. After reaching Erh Pu, the first market town about eight miles out, my condition grew almost unbearable and the spiritual atmosphere about me became as black as pitch. The only thing that gave me comfort was the thought that I was on the Lord's errand, obeying what I felt was his call, and that He must and would come to my rescue. Then I began to sing as well as I could that good old hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," repeating over and over the last lines of the fourth stanza:

"Thou of life the fountain art, freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart, rise to all eternity."

Each time I did so, I felt a fresh inflow of his own divine life, with a corresponding increase of joy and light coming into my soul, while the pain and fever became less and less.

When I reached the inn that night, all my symptoms had left me; I was also able to take two large bowls of bread and milk which I had brought with me, and to enjoy one of the most blissful nights I had ever experienced. I slept in my cart out in the open courtyard to make sure of exemption from "China's millions." As I awoke during the night and looked up into the clear starry sky, my whole being went up in praise to God for the wonderful way in which He had met my faith that day, and for bringing me thus far on my journey.

My health kept on improving from that very night, so that I was able to go through the ten days of the Kaifeng meetings at the rate of two sessions a day without a single interruption and later to continue my journey to Kikungshan. When weighing myself two

months later, I found that I had gained about twenty pounds since stepping out by faith that dark and cloudy afternoon.

In closing this incident I would add that God was precious with us during the Kaifeng meetings, and before their close gave me the joy of seeing a number of precious young people yielding their lives to Christ, a thing which the enemy was no doubt seeking to hinder through that sickness, but Jesus Christ was Victor.

CHAPTER XV.

DEMONS CAST OUT IN JESUS' NAME

"In my name shall they cast out demons." Mark 16:17.

"Behold I have given you authority.....over all the power of the enemy." Luke 10:19.

There are many today, even among professing Christians, who do not believe in a personal devil or in the present operation of demon powers. This may be due to their ignorance of the Word of God or to the fact that they do not sufficiently affect Satan's cause or kingdom to become acquainted with him. There are also others who, through years of conflict with these powers of darkness, are not only aware of their existence, but to whom they have become very real indeed. After thirty-nine years of preaching the Gospel in a land like China, where demon powers are so strong and active, I have naturally fallen into line with the latter class. It might be well to also state that there are four, ordinarily recognized phases or stages of demon operations, commonly known as oppression, depression, obsession and possession. But concerning these we cannot go into detail here. Suffice it to say that of the last, demon possession, there is a diversity of manifestations of which two are seldom, if ever, exactly alike. This is due to the fact that there are different kinds of operating demons, such as impure demons, eating demons, sleeping

demons, temper demons, etc. Of the various causes of demon possession excessive idoltry, which is demon worship, resorting to spiritualistic mediums for physical healing or for other reasons, and unruly temper are perhaps the most common.

In this chapter I shall relate several outstanding cases of demon possession with which I came into personal contact, and how these demons were cast out through prayer, or through the power of Jesus' name.

DELIVERANCE NO. I.

It was just before our Sunday morning service on a hot summer day, when several of our Christians came to tell me that Mr. Chang's daughter, living out in the country about two miles from the city, had become violently demon possessed, and that they wanted me to go out to Mr. Chang's village after the morning service to cast out the demon. As that was my first call to such a conflict, I began to tremble from head to foot, fearing that my faith might not be equal to the occasion, and wondering whether I should go or not. Remembering, however, the Word of the Lord "that this kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting," I spent the noon hour in thus waiting on him, and allowing him to search my heart lest there should be anything that might hinder him from using me for the deliverance of this poor, Satan-bound soul. After receiving the assurance of victory through the precious blood of Jesus Christ, I proceeded on my way with several others who were waiting to go with me.

Upon our arrival at Mr. Chang's village I beheld his daughter with her hair unkempt, hanging down her back, and her arms swinging in the air, wildly screaming and running around in the large front yard of their premises. As I entered, she cried out at the top of her voice, "Mu Shih lai la, Mu Shih lai la" (The Pastor's come, the Pastor's come), while she came rushing toward me at full speed. As there was little or no time for premeditation, I was at an utter loss to know just what to do or what to say. All that I could do was to trust the Lord, who I felt had brought me into contact with this woman and would also see me through; and so He did. Almost in an

instant, and before I could hardly realize what I was doing, my right hand went up in the air while the words, "In the Name of Jesus, I command you demon to come out of that girl," came out of my mouth. I had no more than uttered this command when she immediately dropped to the ground, foaming and frothing just like the cases recorded in the Scripture. After this she was picked up by her father and carried into a near-by room, and there laid upon a bed. I followed them into an adjoining room to witness the outcome of the matter. As I sat there quietly waiting, the little hut seemed to fill with an indescribable sense of the Lord's presence, and with it came the assurance that the enemy had been conquered. Before long I had the great joy of hearing the girl say: "Mu Shih wo ming pai kuo lai la." (Pastor, I have come to, or I'm delivered.) On the following Sunday she attended our church services in her right mind, and as far as I know never had a recurrence of such an attack.

DELIVERANCE NO. II.

This case was of an entirely different nature, for as already mentioned, there are very few cases of demon possession exactly alike. At one of our out-stations, Ma Ku Tien, there lived a heathen family who had fallen victims to a very strange and inexplicable phenomenon. The mother, a fourteen year old son, and a chap about four, were the members of the family thus affected. First of all, the mother would be suddenly seized by a severe pain in her abdomen, usually lasting for about two or three hours. Then the pain would just as suddenly leave her, while her eldest son would begin to twist and squirm in the same manner and for about the same length of time. After that the little fellow had his turn of it. This ordeal continued making its rounds for some time until they seemed unable to endure it any longer. Through some of their neighbors, who had heard the Gospel and seemed to understand the satanic nature of the case, they were advised to go to the Gospel Hall in Miyang to be prayed for, and assured that the foreigner's Jesus had power to deliver them.

Not long after, the three were on an ox-cart bound for Miyang,

arriving there shortly after dinner that same day. As I had heard of their case and had been praying for them before their arrival, I was in some measure prepared to meet them. When therefore informed that they had come, I went over to the compound where they were staying, and after talking to them about the Lord and his power over the devil, I proceeded to pray for them and to command these tormenting demons to leave them. Having received the assurance of their deliverance, I left them and went back home.

Upon entering the house, I heard a very strange noise proceeding from the kitchen. As I went to see what it was, lo and behold! There on a chair I found our cook all curled up and whining for all he was worth. He seemed quite unable to straighten himself out; but lifting up his face to mine with his eyes fairly bulging out of his head, he said, "Pastor, I don't know what has come upon me all of a sudden, I have never been in such agony of body or mind before. Do pray for me." I knew at once what had happened. Our cook, who at that time was still unsaved and not absolutely straight in all of his dealings, had become the victim of the demon just cast out of the other three, and was hence in desperate need of the very same deliverance. I therefore prayed for him in the Name of Jesus, commanding the demon to leave him, and in a few minutes he too was set free. Like in Miss Chang's case, none of these four had a recurrence of this strange phenomenon.

DELIVERANCE NO. III.

The third case I want to record, is that of Mrs. Lee. Mrs. Lee was one of our out-station church members, and, as far as we are able to judge, an earnest Christian, loved and respected by her community. During the fall of 1925 we visited Chien Ling Tien, the station at which she resided, to hold a series of special meetings. On the very first day just before opening the service, Mrs. Lee came to me, and with a look of utter despair and misery on her face, she said: "Pastor, I want you to pray for me, for I am in fearful distress." I told her that she would have to wait until after that meeting's close, when I would have time to go more fully into the details

of her case. For some reason or other she did not come to see me again that noon, but waited until after the close of the meetings. As I was resting when she came, the gate-keeper told her to come again. In the meantime I felt constrained to take out of my grip a small book recently sent to me by one of our homeland friends. This I had carried with me on the entire trip, hoping to read it during some liesure hour, but had not time to do so. This book contained a most intersting biography of a certain Mr. Seitz, who had been carrying on a faith institution in Germany for the healing of the sick. He was especially interested in those who, through some cause or other, had come under demon power, and who were therefore in need of spiritual healing. As I opened this book, my eyes happened (?) to fall on a certain chapter describing a case of demon possession, and how that case was dealt with by Mr. Seitz.

I cannot here go into the details of that account, which at the time was read with the keenest of interest. Suffice it to say that the information which it contained was just what I needed to meet Mrs. Lee's case, and without which I should, in all probabiltly, have been unable to deal with her.

Mr. Seitz told of a certain woman in their institution who, suffering from an acute attack of inflamatory rheumatism, resorted to a certain sorcerer for healing. She was thus delivered from her former malady, but became the victim of epileptic fits a year later. These attacks increased until she had as many as seven a day. In this distressing condition she was finally sent to Mr. Seitz's institution with the hope that there she might find deliverance. After being earnestly prayed with for some time by the workers of the institution, and without any apparent results, she was finally told that she was evidently withholding the real cause of her malady, and threatened with dismissal from the institution unless she was willing to confess it. Mr. Seitz felt that her healing largely depended upon such a confession. It was not until then that she told of how she had resorted to that sorcerer to be cured of her rheumatism, and then concluded her confession with: "But I don't suppose that could be the

cause of my trouble." "Yes, that's exactly it," replied Mr. Seitz. "Now we'll get down to pray, and the Lord will deliver you." It was then that Mr. Seitz was enabled to pray the prayer of faith on her behalf, and that was the end of her epilepsy; for when they rose from their knees, she was completely delivered.

After reading this God-sent account of Mr. Seitz's, Mrs. Lee again came to see me, and I felt I was then ready to deal with her case. Through others I had previously learned something of its details. For a month or more she had seen her bed surrounded with demons every night. As a result of this she had arrived at such a stage that she was neither able to sleep nor to eat.

After exchanging a few words of greetings, etc., I at once asked her whether she had ever used sorcerers or witch doctors, and if she had, I exhorted her to make a full and honest confession to the effect. At first she denied, thinking I meant since her conversion. When told, however, that there was absolutely no hope for her, unless she would be willing to close the door to Satan through which she had let him in, she finally made full and complete confession of her sin. She told us how before her conversion, she had resorted to four sorcerers and three witch doctors. Then, like in the case of Mr. Seitz, it was my happy privilege to assure her of her deliverance and to unite with her in prayer for the same.

When we arose from that season of prayer, her face was so completely changed that she hardly seemed like the same person. She slept in perfect peace throughout the following night and saw no more demons around her bed after that time.

DELIVERANCES NO. IV. AND V.

As these two last deliverances are closely allied to each other, I am giving them as one continued story, though in their respective order.

The first is that of Mrs. Liu, or Crazy Liu as she was styled by the people of her village, a demon possessed woman who claimed that she had a legion of demons. As she had been a member of several

demon-worshipping cults, she had gotten completely under their control.

Through the Lord's own gracious providence she was brought into touch with the Gospel, and advised to attend the meetings then in session at our main-station in the city. With a six months old baby and a basket containing a few scanty provisions for the meetings, she arrived at the mission compound after walking the entire distance of about twenty li, or seven miles to the city, having the hope that she might there find deliverance from her demon bondage and again be restored to her normal condition. Notwithstanding the fact that she was overcome by Satan several times while enroute, the last time on the very threshold of our mission premises, she fought her way through and finally reached her desired goal.

On the very next morning she was on her face before the Lord with a number of others, confessing her sins and crying to him for deliverance; and oh, what a conflict she did go through! Never in my life had I heard such infernal sounds come out of the throat of a human being. Several of our prayer meetings were entirely broken up by those awful screams when the enemy seemed to come upon her in special power, and for a time it surely seemed as if he was having the mastery of the situation. But praise the Lord! Jesus is victor, not Satan, and He again proved himself the victor in this case. At the close of the meetings, after much prayer on her behalf, He gave us the assurance of her deliverance, and several days later she went home rejoicing in him.

Shortly after, Mrs. Nowack and I took a trip to her village, and the warm welcome we received from her at that time is still fresh in our memory. I believe I can truly say that during our entire sojourn in that demon worshipping land, we had never received a more hearty welcome than she gave us that morning. She was in her right mind, and for the first time in six years able to do her own work, and to prepare our dinner that noon. When we called on her again a month or so later, we found her making a garment for her husband, and praising the Lord for all he had done for her since those spring

meetings.

Though unable to read, she managed to commit to memory a number of Gospel choruses, which in addition to her testimony were sung wherever she went. Through these a number of her village, including her husband, were graciously saved, and a little church later organized in that village as a result.

Her story is similar to that of the demoniac, recorded in Luke 8:26-40, who was sent back to his own village to tell what great things the Lord had done for him, and as a result of whose testimony the Lord was later welcomed into that village. Praise his Name! He is still the very same Jesus, yesterday, today, and forever!

One of the first converts to be saved through Mrs. Liu's testimony was Mrs. Ma, one of her nearest neighbors. Mrs. Ma was a woman possessed of a very quick and violent temper with which the Lord had to deal before it finally became fully subdued. As her husband was not in sympathy with her new religion, he did all he could to oppose and aggravate her, especially when she wanted to, or did, attend our Gospel meetings. This naturally resulted in a domestic conflict between them until she had learned to submit to him, and to triumph over her circumstances.

Shortly after her conversion, when determined to attend one of our city meetings in spite of her husband's remonstrance to the contrary, he gave her a severe beating which, at the time, still seemed more than she was able to bear. As a result of this abuse she lost her temper to such an extent she temporarily became demon possessed. In that condition she came back to the chapel, hardly knowing what had befallen her. After earnest prayer and a bit of much needed admonition concerning the danger of thus giving way to her temper, she was again delivered and able to return home with her husband, who had come to the chapel to look for her, and who had in the meantime also received the admonition which he needed.

Some time later, when she had refused to work on Sunday, he locked her up in a room for several days, hoping that in this way he might succeed in weaning her from going to meetings on Sunday,

and thus put an end to her religion. Mrs. Ma, who had, however, by this time already learned to claim the victory through Jesus' Name, was not to be defeated as easy as all that, but decided to take advantage of her situation by turning it into a spiritual asset in reading her Bible and by singing and praying to her newly found Saviour. The fact, that she was one out of a hundred able to read, was therefore greatly in her favor. When, therefore, her nonplussed husband finally saw that he was accomplishing absolutely nothing by his angry wiles, but that on the contrary she was having a good time with her religion, he decided to let her out and to again resort to his former method of beating her.

Notwithstanding this fact, however, it was not long before Mrs. Ma was determined to attend another meeting in the city. She was hungry for the Word of God and therefore eager to hear more of it. She had counted the cost and was willing to take another threatened beating. Greatly enraged at his wife's persistence, Mr. Ma found his club and decided to waylay her on her way back home. But something happened! While hiding behind a little knoll about half way to the city, his limbs suddenly became so numb that he was unable to move. In that condition he was obliged to lay there and wait for his wife, who finally came along and was greatly surprised to find him there in such a condition. "What are you doing here?" was the question with which she accosted him. There was nothing else for him to do but to make an honest confession, and to ask her to pray for him as she had for others in similiar distress. After being assured that he would not give her the promised beating if the Lord answered her prayer, she knelt down by his side and prayed for him. The Lord answered, and before long they were on their way back home.

I cannot here go into further details concerning Mrs. Ma. Suffice it to say that this last experience put an end to her beatings, though not entirely to Mr. Ma's opposition to the Gospel. But as she kept faithfully praying for him, he too was finally won to the Lord. It was while on a bed of severe illness, after being prayed for by some of the Christians whom heretofore he had forbidden to

enter the home, that he yielded his life to the Lord. As a result of his wife's victorious and joyful life, he had been gradually influenced until the Lord made that sickness serve as the last straw to break the camel's back, and to make him a new creature in Christ Jesus. (2 Cor. 5:17) And what a joy to his good wife, who had borne so long and patiently with all of his opposition, persecution and abuse. But most wonderful of all was the fact that both Mr. and Mrs. Ma were the fruit of her who had been once known as Crazy Liu, but who, through the grace of God and the power of his Gospel, had been delivered from the power of darkness and translated into the kingdom of the Son of his love.

After reviewing the above accounts, I have been wondering what those who do not believe in a personal devil or his demon subordinates, could have done for the unloosing of these poor souls who were in such desperate need of deliverance from his awful power. Very likely, nothing. How I praise the Lord that he is still the great Emancipator from the thralldom of Satanic power and bondage, that his precious promise, "In my name shall they cast out demons," still holds good in this enlightened twentieth century, and that the Scriptures used for the introduction of this chapter, are God's own eternal words, "Forever settled in heaven."

CHAPTER XVI.

DELIVERANCES FROM BANDITS IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." Psalm 34:7.

Miyang County, or "Hsien", constituting our Ebenezer Mission field, covers an area of about 1300 square miles, much of which is more or less mountainous. It has the reputation of being one of the most, if not the most, bandit-infested districts of Honan Province. These awful bandit conditions may be largely due to the crime of

infanticide, especially that of newly born baby girls, for which this county has been equally notorious.

Not long after locating there, one of my fellow missionaries, well acquainted with the entire province, asked me why I chose that robber-infested region when there were still so many other more favorable fields to be occupied. But this "why" has already been answered in a previous chapter. Never once have I doubted or regretted following what I then believed, and still believe, to have been the Lord's choice for us, in locating our field of labor. The precious diamonds that have been dug out of this dark mine have more than compensated for the hardships and trials of its bandit-infested conditions.

But now as to some of the answers to prayer in connection with our protection and deliverance from the devastating and murderous raids of these bandits upon our city.

DELIVERANCE NO. I.

The first of these raids took place in the fall of 1922. It was on Nov. 13th of that year that we were awakened at about four in the morning by the thundering of cannon and the shooting of guns, and it did not take long to discover that the large "Lao Yang Ren" Robber Band, numbering about seven thousand, was surrounding our city. In a very short time everybody in the city was astir, including those on our mission compound.

Before very long the skies turned red, and the roaring of flames and raining of cinders told the sad story that their work of destruction had already begun. Crying children, shrieking women, and barking dogs all added to the horror of the occasion, which can only be fully appreciated by those who have passed through such experiences.

For two days and two nights the shooting and terror continued with hardly a break, except during short intervals when the robbers feasted on their stolen booty. In every direction villages were burning and people fleeing for their lives. Quite a number were killed, while many more lost their homes, and with them all their earthly possessions. But in spite of all their desperate efforts the robbers failed to

get into the city, as God himself was keeping it. (Ps. 127:1) Within its walls were gathered a little company of men and women, boys and girls, who, during a season of precious revival only a few days before, had been filled with the Spirit of praise and prayer. These, by the grace of God, were enabled even under those conditions to sing the victory choruses which they had just learned, and to praise God for the peace and joy which was even under those circumstances flooding their hearts. As far as I know, there was not a single one that showed the least bit of fear. Even Mrs. Wu, who had always been the most fearful one on our mission premises, was standing with uplifted hands, saying, "Glory to Jesus, He is able to keep us." During the first day I hardly heard a single prayer for the protection of the city. All seemed to be unanimous in the petition, that whatever course events might take, God should be glorified; and that prayer was abundantly answered. Praise his Name!

One of the very first things to happen to the robbers, was the unexpected discharge of one of their large cannons, killing six or seven of their own men. This, to their guilty and superstitious heathen minds, was a bad omen and quite sufficient to discourage the whole lot. Its effect on them was similar to that of the dream of the Midian barley cake, recorded in Judges 7:13,14. Though they fired unceasingly on the city, they failed to kill a single soldier, and were seemingly afraid to storm the wall as they had done in so many other places. On the morning of the third day they suddenly left the city in great confusion, and no doubt with an inward sense of their defeat. It was reported later by some of the people, that during that night they had seen the city wall garrisoned by fiery horses and riders, and that this was the cause of their sudden and unexpected break up. Whether these supernatural riders were due to the imagination of their own guilty consciences, or a divine reality I do not know. Suffice it to say that that proved to be God's own way and means of answering our prayers and saving the city.

I cannot here go into the details of those momentous days. In some ways they seemed like another little revival in addition to the

one that we had just experienced. The reality of God's presence, the peace and comfort given through the quickening of his wonderful Word from such passages as Psalms 91 and 46, Genesis 18:22,23 etc., as well as the effect which this marvelous deliverance had on the city as a whole, can hardly be described. Abraham's prayer for Sodom, asking God to spare that wicked city if He should find only ten righteous within, was quoted again and again, and seemed to be the inspiration of their prayers.

When I made a round on the city wall after all was over, commending our local soldiers for their faithful services, one of them said to me: "Pastor, we all know that only the heavenly Father could have kept our city under such circumstances." Others thanked us for our prayers and were even ready to admit that it was our praying which had given them the courage to hold the city. When some days later it was threatened by another attack, several of these soldiers again requested our prayers, adding, "If you pray, God will again keep the city. One of the city gentry, dressed in a beautiful silk gown, accosted me with, "Everybody knows that your doctrine is good and that it is the true doctrine." Only God knows how much prejudice to the Gospel was broken down by that great deliverance and the work begun in many hearts as a result, all in answer to the prayers of his Miyang church.

Another very precious answer to prayer, which should be recorded in connection with the above, is that of my dear, departed companion, whose Home-going has already been referred to in a previous chapter. During the last year or two of her earthly sojourn when physically weak, she would often say to me, "Daddy, I do hope I will never be called upon to pass through one of these awful robber raids; I am afraid I would not be able to bear it." This desire of her's was graciously granted, as she was laid to rest as the first "corn of wheat" in our newly purchased burial ground only five days before that raid took place. She passed away in the very midst of that precious revival, already referred to above, during which the Lord was with us in an unusual way. It was through this

revival that our Miyang Church and I were prepared to face this dreadful robber raid, as well as the great sorrow which preceded it, and enabled us to accompany my dear wife to her final resting place with victory choruses which we had learned to sing at the time. And what a comfort it was to think of her sweetly resting "Safe in the arms of Jesus," while the rest of us were passing through that awful conflict.

DELIVERANCE NO. 2

Another marvelous deliverance from one of these bandit raids took place during the month of May, 1929, seven years later, shortly after our return from our third furlough. During this raid Mrs. Nowack, my second companion, and our two little ones, Mary Pearl and Paul, were alone at home as I was making my first tour to one of the nearby out-stations. Another band of robbers, estimated at several thousands, was again surrounding our city and doing their utmost to get inside for three days and three nights as during the first raid. Though both of the city suburbs as well as many of the surrounding villages were almost completely destroyed by fire, as in the case of the former raid, the city itself was again graciously spared. It was one event during which the heathen civilians and the native Christians were thoroughly united in their stand against the common enemy; the heathen using their carnal weapons, while the Christians again resorted to the spiritual, which, we are told, are "Mighty to the pulling down of Satanic strongholds." 2 Cor. 10:4.

In this second grim defence against the bandits, which found the city entirely unprepared as far as soldiers were concerned, even the old women and children took an active part by throwing stones and brickbats at those attempting to storm the wall, while large logs were rolled down by the more able-bodied men on the heads of those who were hoisting or climbing the ladders. But I believe it was only God who again saved the city in answer to the cry of his praying children.

After leaving Miyang this same robber band entered several larger and much stronger walled cities, in one of which they con-

tinued their looting, raping, and murder for an entire month. One who had witnessed this raid later remarked that the diabolical abuses and outrages practiced on the poor, helpless civilians were nothing short of "hell let loose on earth," and that very few women and girls escaped their atrocities. How gracious of the Lord to have again spared our city from a similar fate.

DELIVERANCE NO. 3

The third deliverance took place during the awful famine year of 1931. This was equally remarkable, though differing in some respects from the two previous ones. For an entire month we were completely cut off from the outside world. One large band of robbers, estimated at about ten thousand, held sway to the east of us, cutting off all communication between Miyang and our railroad station, Chu Ma Tien. Another, almost as large, was doing its destructive work to the west; while a number of smaller, local bands were devastating the country immediately surrounding the city. It was surely another reign of terror! "But prayer was made by the church of God," and again He heard our cry. In a most unexpected way a large number of troops suddenly appeared upon the scene just when the robbers were celebrating their greatest victory, thus putting an end to their celebration as well as to a large number of their wicked lives. It also prevented them from attacking our city, which in all probability was their ultimate objective.

I am glad to be able to add that though that mid-summer siege prevented us from going to Kikungshan for our usual season of spiritual and physical refreshing, I was enabled to carry on the alterations and repairs of a number of buildings, to be used for an orphanage upon their completion. Whenever I think of the peace and rest which I enjoyed during that building season, while everything about us seemed at its very worst, I cannot but praise God for those days of his miraculous keeping, and wish that all of his dear children might know and enjoy the same wonderful peace.

A peace that shines more bright and clear,
When tempests rage without,

That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness knows no doubt.

A peace that knows no ebb or flow,
But deep unbroken calm,
Since Christ, the Prince of Peace,
I know, and His alone I am.

How precious is this wonderous peace,
Which as a river flows.

When tempests beat and storms increase,
My peace, it deeper grows.

A LITTLE BOY'S PRAYER FOR IRON FEET

As the following answer to prayer took place in connection with one of the above mentioned bandit raids, I decided to also include it in this chapter.

This strange prayer and its remarkable answer is another proof of the Lord's loving care for his little ones, even when their knowledge of him may still be very meager. It shows us how well He is able to interpret the language of all who truly put their trust in him. It was offered by a thirteen year old boy, Chao Chun Hsiu, whose mother at the time was one of our earnest out-station enquirers. While attending the Gospel Hall services with her, there was one thing which made a deep impression upon this Chinese lad, and that was the fact that God answers prayer, a fact which he was soon to experience for himself in a most wonderful way.

It was during the winter, when the weather was at its very worst, that Chun Hsiu was suddenly taken captive by a band of robbers and mercilessly dragged off with the rest of their victims. Under these distressing circumstances it was not long before he began to put into practice what he had recently heard and learned in the Gospel Hall. And this was the sum and substance of his prayer: "Lord, give me a pair of iron feet, so that I will be able to wade through the rivers, snow and ice without freezing them." The Lord knew just what he meant, and how to interpret and answer that

laddie's prayer, even though his feet were not changed into literally iron ones. When two months later he was again released in answer to his mother's prayers and those of the church, his feet were as well and sound as when he had started out, though he had worn neither shoes nor socks during those cold winter marches through the snow and ice. Others, subjected to the same hardships, had theirs frozen and many died as a result of that winter's exposure.

Praise the Lord! Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings He is still perfecting his praises, and is always ready to answer the prayers of his trusting little ones.

There is still one more incident that might be mentioned in this chapter—an answer to prayer for God's guidance and protection for a particular day's trip. I was returning to our station, walking from Sha Ho Tien to Miyang, a distance of about forty miles, fully determined to reach home by night. By noon I arrived at Chia Low, one of our out-stations about half way between, when I suddenly became very ill, and unable to proceed. I could not understand why this should be, when I had felt so well during the forenoon journey. It was not very long, however, until the reason had been made clear. At about four o'clock that afternoon, while still resting, a number of coolies coming into town informed me that a bloody battle between the local soldiers and bandits was raging near Erh Pu, a market town about half way between Chia Low and Miyang, and that I had better not venture any further that day. Had I continued my journey as I had planned, I should in all probability have run right into that skirmish, as the winding mountain roads between Chia Low and Miyang disclosed only a very short stretch of the way at a time. As I passed by that place on the following morning and saw the big pools of blood along the road, I could not but thank the Lord for his providential hinderance that had kept me from running into that danger the day before. This incident was a real fulfilment of Scripture, "He guided them by the skilfulness of his hands" (Psalm 78:72), as well as of the current proverb, "God orders our stops as well as our steps."

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNEYING MERCIES

"And he led them safely, so that they feared not," Psalm 78:53.

"He bringeth them unto their desired haven." Psalm 107:30.

Our third and fourth furloughs both took place during a time of crisis, one during the Chinese Revolution in 1927-28, the other at the beginning of the late Sino-Japanese war in 1938. In neither of these crises did we leave China because of confronting dangers or difficulties, but because of poor health and the consequent need of rest and change. Then, too, both of these furloughs, according to usual missionary reckoning, were already overdue. But notwithstanding these facts we were loathe to leave our work, especially the latter time, when the Chinese Church as well as the people in general, needed their missionaries more than ever.

For both of these furloughs we had in a very special way been cast upon the Lord for his own wisdom and guidance for our homeland journey, as well as for his gracious provision in every way. Before leaving China at the time of the Chinese Revolution in February of 1927 the Lord had given us two precious promises: John 10:4, "When he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them," and Proverbs 3:5-6, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding. In all the ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Both of these were quickened to us in a very real way.

We had spent the previous fall and winter on Kikungshan, as under the existing circumstances I did not feel physically equal to go back to Miyang after our summer vacation. Like many others then also residing on the mountain, we were living a day at a time, wondering what each new day might bring forth. After months of much earnest and definite waiting upon God, as to whether to go

or to stay, our pillar of cloud and fire began to move. Though brother Carl, our faithful homeland secretary, had already informed us of his kind intention to be responsible for our homeland voyage whenever we should feel led to undertake it, we were still hesitating to go home, and planning to go only as far as Hankow at the time. Our thought was to remain there until the pending calamities should have past over and then, should the Lord so lead, return to our Miyang field. As our Good Shepherd, however, was going before, and had admonished us not to lean unto our own understanding, we kept looking unto him to direct our way.

Upon our arrival in Hankow we found things in a far more serious condition than we had anticipated. Everything seemed to be in the process of revolution. The coolies had become most insolent and could hardly be managed. Several foreigners had already been seriously wounded, and one of them killed. When, after reaching the C. & M. A. Rest Home, we had given expression to our intention of temporarily remaining there, we were met with a blunt "nothing doing, you had better get out of here as soon as possible." The same good brother who had made this remark also offered to help us with our consular affairs, and to do whatever else he could to get us started for Shanghai as soon as possible.

In less than three days we were on the river steamer bound for Shanghai, little knowing how long we would be there. As we had been informed that every available place in that city was already overcrowded with evacuating missionaries, there was also a question whether or not we would be able to find accommodations there. But our Good Shepherd kept leading us on. While on the river steamer, wondering just what we would do upon our arrival in Shanghai, one of our fellow travelers informed us that Bro. W. of their mission would be meeting them at the docks, and that he might possibly be able to accommodate us also. That sounded good; and I am glad to say that when this brother later met the boat and knew that we had no stopping place, he at once remarked, "You had better come with me, as all the hotels and missionary homes are already

filled to their utmost capacity," adding, "We can at least keep you for a few days until the Lord makes further provision for you." We were more than grateful for this hospitable reception, and for the use of the schoolroom which he had kindly offered to us and several others for a temporary abode.

After three days we were informed that it would be necessary for us to look around for other quarters, as their school was to reopen on the following Monday. I did what I could to find another place, but all to no avail. Every place was already overcrowded as our brother had said, while hundreds, so I was told, were waiting for available bookings on the scheduled ocean steamers. It was a real Red Sea experience. What could we do but to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord, and to fall back on the promises given us on Kikungshan, believing that our Good Shepherd who had led us thus far, would go before and continue to direct our paths.

After returning from a long, fruitless search for other quarters, weary in body and seemingly unable to go another step, a voice within seemed to say, "Go to the Pacific Steamship Company and enquire for passage to America;" and with this voice, that of the Good Shepherd, there also came the renewed assurance that He was still going before. I could, therefore, do nothing else but obey, notwithstanding the fact that in view of the large number who had already booked weeks and months ahead, it was, humanly speaking, considered absolutely useless to inquire. Upon my arrival and inquiry at the steamship office, I was told that there were no sailings available on any boat. When about to leave the office, however, the agent suddenly remarked, "Wait a moment, I believe we had orders to cancel one of our reservations this very morning." And sure enough, so it was. And we were to be the happy recipients of those reservations. A fine convertible, first class cabin at second class rates. My joy knew no bounds; it seemed almost too good to be true! But what about the passage money? Our boat was to leave on Saturday, only three days later, and the passage was not yet in hand, though our good brother had written us some time before that it was to be

cabled to Shanghai. According to his orders we went to the First National Bank, where it was to be cabled, and to our happy surprise were told that it had just been received the day before, and could be had upon proper identification. Through the help of a good friend, now in the glory, who happened (?) to arrive in Shanghai a day or two before we did, this and a bit of consular business needing transaction to secure Mrs. Nowack's entrance into the United States, as she was still an English citizen, was soon completed. On the following Saturday noon, February 19th, only five days after our arrival in Shanghai, we were on the "Empress of Russia," sailing for the homeland and leaving behind us hundreds who had booked their passage weeks and months ahead. This was surely the Lord's own doing, and marvelous in our eyes!

While our ocean voyage was a rather stormy one, the Lord took us safely through, and that with little or no seasickness.

Not having had time to make previous arrangements for accommodations upon our arrival in Canada, and the wireless which we did send having miscarried, our Good Shepherd again made his own arrangements and brought us to the place which He had prepared for us. Through the same good friend and fellow passenger through whom our way had been opened for a lodging place in Shanghai, another stopping place was provided for us in Vancouver. There we remained a few days until proceeding to our home in Watertown, Wisconsin, where we were heartily welcomed soon after. Thus ended the journey during which we had learned anew, and perhaps as never before, how precious He goes before and directs the paths of those who acknowledge him in all their ways, and how faithfully He answers the prayers of his trusting children!

PART TWO

As already stated in part one, the last months of our fourth term of service in China, like those of the previous term, were for health reasons also spent on Kikungshan, as at that time we were again seeking to ascertain the Lord's mind as to whether we should

return to our Miyang field, or go home on furlough. While thus quietly waiting on him for guidance, it was gradually made clear to us that we were to go home.

Sometime before leaving Kikungshan, while visiting in the home of one of our missionary friends, the Lord clearly spoke to us through two mottoes found on their sitting room wall, assuring us of his planning and working on our behalf. These two mottoes read as follows: "He is silently planning for you in love," and "The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me." In addition to these He later also added a promise from Joshua 3:14-17, part of which reads as follows: "And it came to pass *when* the *feet* of the priests that bare the ark were dipped into the brink of the water, that the waters which came down from above stood, and rose up in one heap, and the people passed over right against Jericho, and the priests stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan." Through this latter passage the Lord clearly showed us, that for this fourth furlough we were to launch out by faith as never before, and to trust him to open up the way step by step as He led us on. This He faithfully did as the following account will show.

From several sources He had been pointing out to us a certain vessel, the "S. S. Cornville," scheduled to leave Hongkong on March 26th and going direct to Los Angeles, as the one He would have us take for our homeland voyage. Accordingly, we wrote to their Hongkong agents for reservations, and soon received an airmail reply to the effect that they were forwarding our letter to their main office at Singapore where all their reservations were made, and that we would hear from them again in a few days. After waiting about two weeks or more without receiving their promised reply, we felt constrained to go without it, and to trust the Lord to take us on and through as He had done so many times before.

Just as we were all packed and ready to leave the mountain, the postman brought us two letters, one from the steamship company, saying that there were no reservations to be had on the "Cornville," the other from an old-time friend and containing a check for \$200,

which had been handed to him by a Chinese brother and to be used for our furlough expenses. It was just like the Lord to send us these two letters, one counterbalancing the other, in the same mail. The latter greatly encouraged us to go on in spite of the steamship company's unfavorable reply, hoping against hope to still secure passage on that vessel. We felt that the Lord, who had so clearly directed us knew more about the sailing than the steamship company, which had written that letter.

We arrived in Hankow just when the sirens were sounding an air-raid alarm, and when the entire city was in excitement and confusion. And oh, what a panic! Autos, rickshas, and people running helter-skelter in every direction, so that it seemed almost impossible to get through. With the Lord's help we managed to reach the C.I.M. premises, and were soon enjoying a good supper. Except for the planes spotted by the searchlights we saw little or nothing of the air raid, and so far as we were able to learn, very little damage was done.

While there at the C.I.M. home we were much encouraged by the receipt of another check for \$100, sent in by another friend to be used for our furlough, and making up the balance still needed for our ocean voyage.

After spending three busy days in Hankow, we managed to engage two third class births on the regular Canton train instead of going on the international train scheduled to leave several days later, as we had planned. This former train brought us to Hongkong just in time to secure passage on the very boat referred to above, notwithstanding the company's letter to the contrary received when leaving Kikungshan. One of the first things we did upon our arrival there was to phone "by faith" to the Bank Line Office and find, to our happy surprise, that a cabin on the "Cornville" had been cancelled at Manila the very day before, and that this cabin would be at our disposal provided we engaged passage at once.

Through the kind thoughtfulness of a sister at Chu Ma Tien our Honan railroad station, who on her own initiative had written to

some of her Hongkong friends in our behalf, the way was opened for us to stay with a kind and hospitable missionary family while in that vicinity. These good "friends in need" did all in their power to make us feel at home while in their midst, and it was largely through the help and influence of Mr. R., who happened to be an intimate friend of the Klaveness Steamship Company's local agent, that we secured our passage on the "Cornville."

Upon our arrival at Kowloon, the Hongkong stopping place, at about eleven P. M. one of my discoveries, while putting my hand upon my trouser hippocket, was to find to my dismay, that in spite of wearing a heavy overcoat this pocket had been cut open and emptied of its contents, about \$30.00 Mex. After retiring to our little room later, my wife reminded me of a Scripture quoted to us some time previously, namely: "The Lord is able to give thee more than these." And so He did. Before leaving Kowloon we received several more offerings from some of our missionary friends, about twice the amount of what we had lost, which was fully sufficient to buy a pair of new trousers.

Our ocean voyage was a fairly good one in spite of the fact that the weather was more or less unfavorable with a correspondingly choppy sea most of the way. Our vessel, though a freighter with only limited passenger accommodations, was quite satisfactory and far less expensive than a second class cabin on a regular passenger boat. While crossing the ocean a considerable portion of my time was spent in writing the first part of *My Ebenezer Testimony*, which you are now reading.

We arrived at San Pedro Harbor, Los Angeles, at about 10:00 P. M. on April 20th, going into the dock on the following morning. Though we had announced our contemplated furlough to the Missionary Community in Glendale and had applied for a cottage a month or two before we left China, it was not until the day before sailing that we were able to send them definite word as to the date of our arrival. This word was sent on a steamer scheduled to arrive at San Francisco several days before ours, and therefore left us in

a state of uncertainty as to whether or not there would be an available cottage for us in Glendale, or any friends to meet us at the docks in San Pedro. But here again the Lord graciously went before, parting the waters as our feet touched their bank. While still standing on the deck of our steamer and wondering just what steps to take upon landing, we spied two of our faithful old friends, who had incidentally learned of the date of our arrival only the day before and had come in their car to meet us and to take us to Glendale. They greeted us with the happy news that a cosy little cottage on Mission Road was awaiting us there, and before night we were comfortably settled in the same. The dear old saint who had been occupying this cottage had moved to her heavenly home just shortly before we arrived and thus left it vacant and ready for our occupancy.

As we came to the end of this another journey, we could but think of the two mottoes and the Scripture passage quickened to us while still on Kikungshan, and thus praise him anew for all the way He had been "silently planning for us in love," "perfecting that which concerned us," and parting our Jordans as our feet touched their brinks.

Upon entering our mission cottage in Glendale we found a little card on our dresser with the following stanza:

"He can not have taught us to trust in His Name,
And thus far have brought us to put us to shame:
Each sweet Ebenezer we have in review,
Confirms His good pleasure to help us *right through*."

A truly fitting climax to the other three messages, and a great encouragement to trust him more implicitly for the future.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A GENTLE REMINDER OF "EVERYTHING BY PRAYER"

"Every thing by prayer." Philippians 4:6.

"Without me ye can do nothing." John 15:5.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord."
Zechariah 4:6.

Three times in his second Epistle, chapter 1:12-15, Peter speaks of putting those to whom he was writing in remembrance of certain things (see verses one to eleven)—things which they knew and in which they had already been instructed. He then states to them his reasons for so doing namely: to keep them "stirred up" along these lines. The Lord in his infinite patience and longsuffering still often deals with us in this same good old school-masterly way. Of this the ensuing chapter will afford an apt illustration. Some years ago after teaching the summer Bible class on Kikungshan I was asked to lead a series of morning devotions at the American School for missionaries' children, then located at that same resort. As these periods were not to exceed half an hour, including the opening prayer and hymn, and the messages having therefore to be very brief, the invitation was accepted in a somewhat matter of fact way without first looking to the Lord for guidance as to his will in the matter. There seemed to be nothing to hinder my taking those few brief services as I thought that I had plenty of ready-to-hand material suitable for such services and therefore felt quite confident that I was fully prepared for the occasion. This was, however, only the way of my proposing, and I was soon to learn that it was not the one of God's disposing. It was one time that I had left him out of the reckoning, and had therefore made it necessary for him to "stir me up by way of remembrance," and to teach me anew my utter dependance upon himself, and that very important admonition of his Word:

"Everything by prayer."

On the very night before the opening meeting I was still without an introductory message, to say nothing about the rest of the week. Though going through all my ready-to-hand material again and again and anxiously casting about for a suitable message with which to begin, I was unable to get hold of a single thing. Even after earnestly looking to the Lord in prayer while fumbling through my various outlines, etc., I was obliged to retire late that night without even the slightest hint as to what I was to speak on the following morning.

About midnight I was suddenly awakened with a deep sense of my utter emptiness and failure, and with the conviction that I had sinned in consenting to take those meetings without first duly waiting upon the Lord for guidance as to his will and pleasure in the matter. While lying there in that state of conviction, the Holy Spirit suddenly flashed into my mind, and that in a way which I have not yet forgotten, the following three familiar Scriptures: "Everything by prayer," "Without me ye can do nothing," "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord."

These passages were all I needed to show me where and how ignominiously I had failed. I humbly confessed my sin to the Lord and claimed the efficacy of his precious blood for my cleansing. As I did so my room was suddenly filled with the glory of his presence, while He was giving me a fresh anointing of his gracious Spirit. Psalm 92:10. In almost less time than it takes to tell it He gave me his own messages for that entire week's meetings, so that all I had to do was to get up, light the lamp, and write them down. As I did so they continued to unfold in such a marvelous way that I hardly had time to jot them on paper as fast as the Spirit was dictating them to me, while at the same time my whole being was set on fire with a burning desire to give them out. These messages were graciously owned of the Lord and blessed to the hearts of the dear children.

At the close of that period I was asked to give them another week, during which the Lord continued to unfold his precious Word

in the same precious and quickening way. After that I was invited to hold a series of meetings with the Chinese servants of the Kikungshan Community, and these were followed by a number of other appointments in different parts of our Honan Province. All of these meetings were attended with the same measure of unction and blessing as those of Kikungshan. Each series was opened with a testimony of that night's memorable experience and with the quotation of the three verses given to me at that time, which, like Jonah's testimony to Ninevah, served as an effectual introduction to God's gracious working throughout. Shall we not try to remember them, and to take as our incentive this scriptural triple motto—"everything by prayer," "without me ye can do nothing," and "not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord?"

CHAPTER XIX.

A PRAYER-VICTORY OVER THE COMMUNISTS

"Jehovah came down for me against the mighty." Judges 5:13

It was during the year 1931 that a great wave of Communism swept over Honan Province, including our Miyang district. In Miyang the normal school had become its chief hot-bed and headquarters. The communistic influence of this school had already made itself felt throughout the entire district, and very especially in the city, where it had become a serious problem and a real menace to the local civil and military authorities.

Their hatred, as is usually the case, was first and foremost directed against the missionaries and those associated with the cause of Christ, until the old cry of "Foreign Devil," was again heard throughout the district. Not only had they become daring enough to enter our mission premises to put up their God-dishonoring

posters and to scatter their pernicious literature, but they had even gone so far as to devise a program by which they were planning to disgrace the "Foreign Devil," and thus seek to bring into disrepute and confusion the cause which he represented.

This program was: 1. to placard the entire city with anti-foreign posters, 2. to march the pastor through the streets with a clown's cap on his head and his trousers stuffed with turnips—this is one of China's methods used to disgrace an enemy,— 3. to send him out of the city disgraced, never to return again. "But prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him," Acts 12:5, and the Lord again answered. While they were permitted to carry out the first part of their program, placarding the city with their hideous posters on which, I was told, they had worked an entire night, they were not allowed to go any further than that. Many of these posters bore the caricature of a man with his head on a block, ready for execution with the characters "down with the 'foreign devil'" written underneath. But in all this, God's own precious Word, "He maketh the wrath of men to praise him, and the remainder of wrath he doth restrain," Ps. 7:10, was to me demonstratively fulfilled. By their unwarranted attitude toward the missionary they only drew down the wrath and indignation of the community upon themselves. Their plan was soon to be frustrated, and that in a way which they had little expected. They had to experience anew the meaning of their own Chinese proverb: "One thousand reckonings, ten thousand reckonings are not equal to heaven's one reckoning," the equivalent of our "man proposes, but God disposes."

The second part of their program, that of marching the pastor through the city, was to take place on the following day. Just before the set hour for this had arrived, however, a regiment of about three thousand soldiers came marching into the city, filling our entire front compound as they expected to be billeted there. This completely changed the entire program of our unfriendly young people. As they had evidently heard of the coming of these soldiers beforehand, all of

their anti-foreign and anti-Christian posters were replaced by others, extending greeting to the soldiers. They had not reckoned on such interruption, but God had. They concluded the pastor had sent word to the higher authorities, and that in response to that word these soldiers had been sent to deal with them.

While this divine intervention did not put a full stop to all of their operations, it saved the Miyang church and myself from the disgrace which they had been contemplating to heap upon us, and proved to be the Lord's first act toward their final and complete defeat. They continued their communistic propaganda for another six months or so, during which time the church suffered considerable persecution at their hands. Finally, however, they involved themselves in difficulties with the government to such an extent that they were ushered out of the city by the local military, with the warning that they were never to return. Thus they fell into the very pit which they had dug for the foreign pastor, and brought down upon their own heads the ignominy which they had planned for him.

After returning from a series of outside engagements that fall, we were greeted at Chu Ma Tien, our railroad station, with a letter written by one of our evangelists, saying, "Praise the Lord for answered prayer! It will now be perfectly safe for you to return to Miyang, for the Communists have been driven out of the city, and the people will be glad to welcome you back." But what made me still happier was that several years later when things had again calmed down the two ringleaders of this communistic movement confessed and apologized to me for their wrong attitude, and became my friends. I had the privilege of visiting one of them while he was in prison, and to furnish him with a Bible and other Christian literature which was gratefully received and eagerly read; and I trust that it has not been without some fruit.

CHAPTER XX.

A STRONGHOLD OF SATAN TAKEN BY PRAYER

"For the weapons of our warfare are not of the flesh, but mighty before God to the casting down of strongholds." 2 Corinthians 10:4.

It was not until March, 1936, after years of earnest and persevering prayer that Niu Ti (Cow's Hoof), the last large unoccupied market town of our Miyang district was opened, and that we were able to secure premises there in which to carry on our Gospel work. Our evangelistic band had spent a month there about two years before that but at that time the way was not yet fully open for permanent work. One reason for this was that we were unable to secure suitable premises in which to begin. There were two men, commonly known as bullies, who were largely to blame for this situation, because they refused to allow any one to sell or mortgage his property to the Fu Yin Tang (Gospel Hall). A Chinese bully is one who rules by sheer force and who seeks to keep as far as possible everything under his own control. Then, too, the people of the town seemed hard and indifferent and quite content to go on without a Gospel Hall in their midst. What need was there for the foreigner's religion as long as everything went on as smoothly and prosperously as it did? But God, who hears and answers prayer, and who had precious souls to be gathered out even from among that seemingly hopeless population, was not unmindful of these years of prayer offered up by his Miyang church, and had his own way of opening that difficult place.

About a year after our evangelistic band had held their meetings there a band of robbers broke into the town, burning a considerable part of it and killing a large number of the people. They also dragged off for a heavy ransom two ruling bullies, who had so persistently refused to allow us a foothold within the town. Strange to say, when they were finally released, after having paid the demanded heavy

ransom, their opposition to the Gospel had completely vanished. They were now not only willing, but seemed eager to have us come there; and thus another prayer, that for the opening of our Niu Ti station, was marvelously answered.

While spending a month there some time later one of these two men invited us to his country home, and while there gave us the privilege of preaching the Gospel to his entire household for two solid hours. I believe that I am safe in saying that I never had a more interested or appreciative audience anywhere than I had there that day. I feel confident that the Word of God then given out to that eager company shall not return unto him void, and that at least some of the seed sown there that afternoon fell on good ground.

It was not very long after Niu Ti had been opened before the Lord began to work in the hearts and lives of the people. The very first convert to break down in confession of sin at one of the meetings was a harlot, who had left her husband and then gone into this life of shame. She right then and there promised to give it up and to return to her husband. As a result, he, too, attended the meetings and also became a believer. Another family was led to believe in the Lord soon after through the miraculous healing in answer to prayer of their little son. Thus, one by one they were gathered in, even from that "straightly shut up Jericho" (Joshua 6:1) and stronghold of Satan, only recently opened through the mighty weapon of prayer. 2 Cor. 10:4. It might also be of interest to add that this outstation was opened with funds supplied by our Miyang church, and was the first one to be opened in this way. Thus Niu Ti was made the occasion of a double victory, and therefore brought great joy to all, who through their prayers and offerings had had a share in the opening of this station.

CHAPTER XXI.

PRAYER TRIUMPHANT OVER HIDDEN SINS ANOTHER GOD-SENT REVIVAL

"O Jehovah, revive thy work in the midst of the years; in the midst of the years make it known; in wrath remember mercy."

Heb. 3:2.

"Wilt thou not quicken us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee." Ps. 85:6.

"Let us search and try our ways, and turn again to the Lord."

Lam. 3:40.

This chapter, which is the record of another powerful revival, is closely associated with that of chapter ten and with the later "Years of Joyful Reaping," recorded in part one of chapter twenty-four; and forms, as it were, an important and indispensable link between the two, notwithstanding the long intervening periods.

While these three "prayed down revivals" all differed to some extent in their respective back grounds as well as in their duration and effects, their character or degree of intensity was largely determined by the spiritual state of the church immediately preceding them. The reason why the Holy Spirit's convicting work as recorded in this chapter, was as much more intense than during that of chapter ten, was because of the sins that had been knowingly committed in spite of far more and greater light. Sins of various kinds, including some of the vilest, had been gradually creeping into the church, thus hindering its blessing and defying its spiritual progress. As in the days of Joshua, the Lord seemed to be saying to us: "O Israel, thou canst not stand before thine enemies until ye take away the accursed thing from among you." It was only through the mighty, convicting power of the Holy Spirit that this could be effected, and that the guilty could be brought to a humbling confession and genuine repentance of their sins. But for this our Miyang church could never

have gone on and experienced the years of joyous reaping, recorded in chapter twenty-five, notwithstanding all the precious promises of God quoted in the forepart of that chapter. Without that revival the Miyang church also would have been entirely unprepared for the stormy and troublous times that lay ahead during the long drawn out war with Japan and for all of its accompanying evils. But now for the story of this second great revival, related in our May Echoes of 1933.

During the latter part of February the Lord visited us with the most powerful revival experienced thus far. For some time previous the words which king Hezekiah sent to Isaiah before the contemplated Assyrian invasion (2 Kings 19:3; Isa. 37:3), "The children are come to the birth, and there is no strength to bring forth," were much upon my mind. They seemed to express exactly the spiritual condition of our Miyang church at that time. Though the Lord had greatly blessed us during the previous months, and especially through our fall meetings, we felt that there was still a far greater work to be done, as the real break for which we were then praying had not yet fully come. It seemed clear to us that the work had reached a spiritual crisis which could be met only by another mighty revival. "Shall I bring to the birth, and not cause to bring forth? saith Jehovah; shall I that cause to bring forth, shut the womb? saith thy God," (Isa. 66:9) was another passage quickened to us in connection with the one already quoted above. Both of these Scriptures, God's own precious Word for the hour, were kept before him in prayer during the daily prayer meetings which had been carried on during a month or more before, and fulfilled to us in due time. A saintly and Spirit-filled Chinese pastor, Liu Tao Sheng, whom the Lord had already been greatly using in other places and missions, was invited to Miyang with the hope and assurance of seeing similar blessings there. In this hope we were not to be disappointed, as the Lord did the exceeding abundantly above all that we could ask or think.

It was, however, not without a mighty spiritual conflict with the

powers of darkness that we were able to open these special meetings. Satan knew what was ahead and did all he could to hinder. On the very day preceding the meetings two companies of soldiers, numbering several thousand each, arrived in the city and were fully determined to occupy our mission premises. But thanks be to God who gave us the victory by keeping them out, notwithstanding the fact that one delegation after another was sent in to secure possession. It was therefore a great relief indeed when after the great battle of that day had been fought pastor Liu and his associate finally arrived on our mission compound. His very first message on the Ten Virgins and "Ye must be born again," delivered during the first morning service, greatly gripped the audience and by night the Spirit had already begun to work in many hearts. At the close of the next morning's session, as soon as opportunity was given for prayer, more than a dozen were on their knees before God, pouring out their hearts in confession of sin, and weeping in agony of soul as if smitten by some irresistible power. This convicting work of the Holy Spirit continued to increase from day to day, until there was hardly a person in the audience who had not in some measure been affected by his power. Never before had we seen such mighty conviction of sin rest upon a Chinese audience, though we had seen much of God's wonderful working in the past. Some were pounding the benches with their hands and calling out, "I am face to face with God, I am face to face with God;" while others were heard saying, "I am going straight to hell, there is no hope for me." Several struck their heads with their fists out of sheer hatred of themselves, while one or two seemed to feel that even hell itself was too good for such great sinners as they. One woman was under such conviction that she fell right over when she began to confess her sin. As she was being carried out of the chapel to a quiet place where she could be left to herself, she kept repeating, "My sin, my sin!" Several others fell to the floor in a similar way. Many were unable to eat or sleep for several days and nights, until they had made full confession of their sin, and then through God's Word had received the assurance of his for-

giveness.

Perhaps one of the most impressive sights in connection with these meetings was that witnessed in the orphanage on the fourth night. Their teacher, Mr. Chang, came over just before the evening session, seemingly in great distress. He begged me to come over to the orphanage at once, as many of the boys were crying at the top of their voices, and they were at a loss to know what to do with them. As I entered the classroom where they had gathered I found a dozen of them under the most awful conviction I had ever witnessed among children of their ages. Some were standing, pounding the walls; others were in a sitting posture, beating their desks; while others were prostrate on their knees, crying to God for mercy. Each one seemed entirely unconscious of all the rest. All were occupied with their own sins, which in the floodlight of God's unspeakable holiness, made so manifest during those meetings, seemed more than they could bear. None of them had been able to eat their supper that night, and several had not slept the night before. All efforts to quiet them seemed absolutely futile. We could only leave them with the Lord, who was thus dealing with them. When they finally became more quiet, so that we could speak to them, we sought to comfort them with such Scriptures as: "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." 1 John 1:9. We urged them at the same time to confess their sins before God, and to trust him for his own faithful cleansing in the precious blood of Christ. And oh what a catalogue of sin those little hearts began to pour forth. I would hardly have suspected any of them to be guilty of one-half of the things which they confessed that night.

After thus confessing all that the Lord had shown them, his own joy and peace came into their hearts, and before very long they were praising him for his forgiveness, and happily testifying to their newly found salvation. I shall never forget the wonderful sense of his presence which filled that schoolroom, nor the change that came into their faces after they had been thus cleansed and forgiven.

Never in my life have I had such a vision of the depth of iniquity to which the human heart is so prone as during those meetings. One of pastor Lui's characteristic and oft repeated phrases, "Your heart is a bagful of sin—pour it out, so that Jesus can get inside," cannot be easily forgotten by those who heard him. At the close of one meeting there were as many as fifty on their knees at the same time, most of them weeping and confessing their sins.

I shall long remember the solemn impression made upon my own mind at the close of one of those last meetings, while contrasting the happy overflowing testimonies of those who had just been saved, or of others who had been restored into fellowship again, with the mourning and weeping of those still under conviction of sin. That scene brought before me in a most graphic way the great difference that exists between the saved and those who will be lost when the Lord comes! Oh the wonderful grace and mercy that through the conviction of God's Holy Spirit we can be brought unto the white judgment light of his holiness while the day of grace is still on, and thus seeing ourselves as the chief of sinners (1 Tim. 1:15) plunge into the "fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel's veins." Praise God that we may here and now receive the assurance of sins forgiven, for the blessed assurance that our names are written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and the Spirit's own witness within that we are the children of God.

May any who read these lines and who have not yet experienced the joyous assurance of his salvation, seek him at once while He may still be found, before it is *forever too late*.

In concluding this chapter I would like to add, that while at times of such revival as described above it may be possible for the natural man to yield unduly to his fleshy emotions, it is hardly likely or probable for any one to be brought under such an overwhelming degree of utter self-condemnation as was witnessed during this revival without the convicting power of the mighty and irresistible Spirit of God. The fact that there was absolutely nothing to stir up the emotions in pastor Liu's demeanor or in his method of con-

ducting these meetings, would go to prove that what took place was entirely of the Holy Spirit rather than the result of human effort or undue excitement. That some of the men who experienced the most powerful conviction of sin during those meetings later became some of our very best and most fruitful workers is still further proof.

While I am fully aware of the fact that in these days of formal and lukewarm Christianity in which we are now living a testimony such as the above is apt to call forth criticism and even derision, I am just as fully convinced that only revivals in which the Holy Spirit is fully permitted to do his great initiative work, that of the convicting of sin, are the kind that are now needed here in the homeland. Only such can save us from the grim alternative of destruction now confronting the world as a whole. A revival in which this conviction is lacking is no revival at all, or at the best only a spurious one.

CHAPTER XXII.

A SEEMINGLY UNANSWERED PRAYER WITH A TRIPLE ANSWER

"Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.....unto him be the glory..... for ever and ever." Ephesians 3:20,21.

In a former chapter, (IX), we had already related a negative answer to prayer which in the overruling providence of God was to become the basis of a positive one. In this chapter I want to speak of a seemingly unanswered prayer which, when later seen in its true light, had a triple answer.

God who knows the real motives prompting our prayers, does not always answer them just as we think they ought to be answered, but they are answered just as truly, nevertheless. Abraham's request for Sodom recorded in Genesis 18 is a fair sample of such a prayer.

According to our estimate of that prayer Abraham may have stopped short of his mark with the number ten, but it was no doubt only Lot and his family whom he had particularly in mind when he prayed for Sodom. Hence God who knew the real objective answered his prayer according to that which Abraham had in mind rather than by the number with which he seemed to limit it. In a similar way He often answers ours, not according to the wording of our specific request, but according to the motive and desire by which that request is prompted.

After laying away our first little treasure, Alden James, in the mountains of sunny Tennessee the desire and prayer for another little son, whom I wanted to call "Paul," was much upon my heart. This was with the hope that, like his namesake of old, he too might be laid upon God's altar for service and sacrifice on the mission field.

It was not, however, until the 22nd of June, 1928, after more than twenty-five years and while home on furlough, that this long desired little sonny finally arrived. But he remained with us only three and one-half brief years. Then after having for that short span of time brightened our lives and home with his sunshiny presence, and endeared himself to all who knew him, he again suddenly slipped away.

It was hard to realize why he should be taken so soon when he had been prayed for so long, and why his little life should thus be cut off in the very bud. And what about the answer to the prayers that had been offered up during those earlier years? Had they been left unanswered, or had they been answered in some other way which at that time I had not yet fully comprehended?

While musing upon some of these questions during the night after little Paul's departure it fully dawned upon me how the prayers of those years had already been abundantly answered, though not just as I had expected, and that in a triple way. Those who have been keeping in touch with our family history during the past years will also know how. Our three precious girlies, Ruth, Esther and Helen, who in a true Pauline spirit had all laid their lives on God's

altar for service in China with the earnest desire to preach Christ where He had not been named, Romans 15:20, were God's triple answer to that prayer. Though their lives, like that of little Paul's, had from the very time of their birth been dedicated to God for service in China, and they too had been made the subject of many prayers to that end, it had never occurred to me until that night that they were also the answer to those earlier years of prayer for a missionary Paul.

I feel confident, too, that the prayers of their little missionary brother, "God bless dear Ruthie, Esther and Helen," uttered by him and his sister Mary Pearl before they had been tucked away in their bed at night, have also been abundantly answered.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MATERIAL THINGS RECEIVED IN ANSWER TO PRAYER

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father who is heaven give good things to them that ask him?" Matthew 7:11.

"He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Rom. 8:32.

"But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." Matthew 6:33.

In some of the previous chapters I have already touched upon a number of material blessings received in answer to prayer. In this one I would like to mention just a few more in particular as fulfillments of the promises quoted above. May the Lord give us all a deeper appreciation of these promises and enable us to make a fuller appropriation of them for our ordinary daily needs.

HOW THE LORD SUPPLIED MY NEW WATCH AND A TYPEWRITER

While home on our second furlough I fell heir to a small legacy of \$100 left to me upon his decease by my ninety-two year old grand-

father. When this little legacy came into my hands, I somehow concluded that it was the Lord's answer to my prayer for a new watch and a typewriter, two things which I felt the need of at the time; and hence I decided to use this \$100 for that purpose. But lo and behold it was not very long before I found it necessary to draw upon this amount for our family needs, and was obliged to do so until the entire sum had been used up. It was not until then that the Lord saw fit to again provide through other sources.

The prayer for a watch and typewriter was, however, not to be left unanswered, but to be supplied in the Lord's own time, and that in a way which brought far more joy to me than if I had purchased them.

While giving a missionary message in Van Nuys, California one Sunday night I laid my watch on the pulpit beside me, so as not to run over my allotted time. While waxing hot over my message and swinging my arms over the pulpit I happened to strike the watch, sending it flying down upon the platform before me. After picking it up and holding it to my ear I assured the congregation that it was still running and then continued my message. While doing this the Lord was speaking to two of his stewards with whom I was staying at the time about a gold watch that had been left by one of their sons who had gone to be with the Lord some years before. They had been praying about that watch ever since, feeling impressed that it should be given to some servant of the Lord as He might indicate. That night He spoke to both of them individually, saying, "Give Nowack that watch." Neither of them mentioned this to the other until the following morning. Then just as the husband entered the room and was about to speak to his wife concerning the watch, she met him with the same intention. They, therefore, naturally concluded that I was to be the recipient of that sacred treasure. As I entered their dining room for dinner that noon, dear Mrs. L. met me with tears in her eyes and a little package in her hand, saying as she held it out to me: "Brother Nowack, when your watch went off the pulpit last night the Lord spoke to both Mr. L. and me about this

watch." Then after telling its precious history, she pressed it into my hands, adding: "We both feel He wants you to have it."

I cannot tell you how deeply I was touched by this incident of the Lord's goodness to me, and how utterly unworthy I felt of this sacred gift. I could hardly find words in which to adequately express my thanks. I am glad to add that this watch has been doing good service ever since, and that it is still in the best of condition as I am writing these lines.

The typewriter for which I had also prayed at the time, after it had traveled all the way from New York to the Pacific coast, reached us at Oakland, California on the very eve of our departure for China. This, too, has served a good purpose during all these years. It was sold for several thousand dollars in inflation currency when we left China.

What a joy and strengthening to faith it often is when, after all our own good plans have been brought to naught, we are made to stand still and see the salvation of our God, and how much higher at all times are his ways than ours.

THE STORY OF OUR KIKUNGSHAN ORGAN

The little baby organ which had been an almost indispensable piece of furniture in our summer cottage on Kikungshan for more than twenty years had gone out of commission, leaving us without an instrument for the summer months when we could usually enjoy it most. There was a fairly good parlor organ on the mountain left there by a departing missionary some years previous, and now in the keeping of one of our good friends and for sale. But while I desired to have this instrument I hardly felt justified to invest in it, as it could only be used there two months of the year and was not needed at the station. After renting it for one season and thinking and praying about purchasing it during that time, I told the Lord that if He wanted us to have it to make the friend in charge willing to sell it for the sum of \$50 in Chinese currency, then the equivalent of about \$15 in gold. This was as low a price for that organ as I dared

to suggest, even to the Lord. A few nights later while taking our usual evening walk we met this good brother, who after exchanging a few words of friendly greeting with us was led to remark: "By the way, Brother Nowack, if you want that organ you can have it for \$50." I told him that was just what I had asked of the Lord, and would therefore be glad to accept his offer providing the Lord saw fit to send me a special offering before the next summer season. If He did, I would keep the instrument and send him the money; if not, I would return the organ plus the rent. After that I began to spread out my "Gideon's fleece" (Judges 6:36-40) for the second time, asking the Lord, if He really wanted us to have the organ, to send us a special offering which we could feel perfectly free to use for that purpose. This petition was also granted soon after. Within the next few weeks I received a letter from a fellow missionary containing a check for \$100 in Chinese currency and specified as being for my own personal use or as the Lord might lead. After therefore using one-half of it for some of the immediate needs of our Miyang work I felt at liberty to appropriate the other half for the organ.

This may seem like a very trifling incident to some who will read it, but to me it was another fresh reminder of God's faithfulness in answering prayer.

HOW I FOUND MY SPECTACLES

There are many little incidents continually coming into our lives which we are apt to consider too trifling and insignificant to take to the Lord in prayer, though we have been assured that our heavenly Father is mindful of the sparrow, that He clothes the lily, and that even the very hairs of our head are all numbered.

I could relate many more interesting answers to prayers in connection with some of these so-called minor things, but will have to confine myself to only this one.

I had just concluded a series of meetings in Loyang, Honan, and was packing my suitcase in preparation to catch the morning train for my next appointment. While about to proceed with my

morning toilet I incidentally dropped my spectacles into my winter cap which happened to be lying up side down on a couch near by. Being subject at that time to severe attacks of neuralgia in my head, I carried with me an extra piece of flannel to place in the top of my cap, thus making it more weather proof against the cold winter winds. In the hurry of packing my suitcase to get off to the station I put this piece of flannel back into my cap on top of the glasses dropped into it a little while before.

After breakfast I went back to my room, put the cap on my head and proceeded with the finishing touches of my packing. Then suddenly realizing that I did not have on my glasses I at once began searching for them. I looked here and there, high and low, everywhere, but all to no avail. As it was almost train time there wasn't a minute to lose, and I knew I could not go on to my next appointment without them. It was a case of real emergency! What could I do? There was only one thing that I had not yet done and that was to pray. I therefore got down on my knees to ask the Lord to help me find them. As I did so I heard a voice within clearly and almost audibly saying: "They are right in the top of your cap." And sure enough, there they were just where I had put them! And what a joy to immediately find them in that way and still catch the train.

While it is rather humiliating to confess such a case of utter absentmindedness as the above I felt impressed to relate the incident in order that God might be glorified thereby, and that others might also be encouraged to thus commit to him the little things of their lives (Psalm 37:5), remembering his own exhortation—"Everything by prayer,"—already quoted in a previous chapter.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CROWNING ANSWERS TO YEARS OF PRAYER

PART I.

YEARS OF JOYFUL REAPING

"Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Galatians 6:9.

A work or life of faith is essentially one of constant dependance upon God. As such it is necessarily also one of unceasing prayer. Prayer is the channel through which faith expresses itself, and through which it operates. "If ye ask....I will do" (John 14:13,14). "Ye have not because ye ask not." Jas. 4:2. This is not only true when applied to our material needs, but very especially so when applied to the spiritual. Without him we can do nothing. (John 15:5) Through him we can do all things. (Phil 4:13) Prayer is also the real secret of spiritual power. "Much prayer—much power, little prayer—little power, no prayer—no power," has for some years been a favorite motto of mine, often quoted to our Chinese Christians as well as to myself.

In addition to our two regular midweek prayer-meetings for the men and women of the church, one especially intended for the workers was also held at 6:00 A. M. each Saturday, usually lasting from two to three hours. These were not prayer meetings turned into preaching services, nor at which the leader alone did all the praying, but meetings in which most, if not all, of those present usually took an active part, and at which all the problems and needs of the work were definitely brought and committed to the Lord. They were also conducted for the deepening of the spiritual life of the workers, and often attended by others who were hungry for such seasons of spiritual fellowship and refreshing. They were faithfully

carried on throughout the entire history of our work, and constituted, I fully believe, its spiritual backbone. There were also monthly "all days of prayer," occasional seasons of several days each, and one that even lasted for three entire weeks.

It is this latter three weeks' meeting which took place during the earlier stages of our work, to which I refer in particular in this chapter. This meeting grew out of one that had been announced for only three days. It was at a time when we keenly felt the need of a greater out-pouring of God's Spirit upon our newly opened out-stations, including both the workers as well as the young converts under their care. Some thirty or more of these latter had come in to be baptized. Upon examination it was found that they had a fair intellectual knowledge of their catechism but were utterly lacking in their experimental knowledge of the grace of God, due no doubt to the fact that the work at these stations was then still in its initial stage.

This situation brought upon me deep travail of soul, as I did not see how we could baptize them in that condition. I knew that it would mean loss of face, both to the candidates and to the evangelists who had recommended them, to send them back without being baptized, but there seemed to be no other alternative. I was fully convinced that we could not build a strong spiritual church upon a merely intellectual foundation. They were therefore dismissed and sent back to their respective stations, while the three days' prayer-meeting with all of our workers, already mentioned above, was appointed instead. The great prayer objective of this meeting was, as already stated, a greater out-pouring of God's Spirit upon these new and needy out-stations, as well as upon our Miyang field as a whole.

In an almost irresistible manner the Lord kept leading us on from one day to another with several sessions a day, and from one week to another, until three entire weeks had thus been spent in waiting upon him. These meetings were much of the same nature as those recorded in chapter ten, his Word being opened up to us in the same marvelous way. The promises quickened to us day by day were naturally largely along the line of our prayer objective. As I had been

reading the Book of Isaiah for my own devotions and encouragement shortly before, many of the promises quickened to me were from that book. Of these the following were perhaps the most outstanding: Isa. 41:18. "I will pour rivers on the bare heights, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water."

Isa. 44:3,4. "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and streams upon the dry ground; I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring: and they shall spring up among the grass, as willows by the watercourses."

Isa. 43:13. "I will work, and who can hinder it?" (R. V.)

Isa. 60:22. "I the Lord will hasten it in his time."

Hab. 2:3. "Though it (the vision) tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not delay."

Ps. 110:3. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power."

The last clause of Isa. 44:4, "And they shall spring up among the grass, as willows by the watercourses," was quickened to us in an especial way, and kept ringing in my ears ever after until it was finally fulfilled, and that beyond my fondest expectations.

The immediate result of those three weeks' meetings was that our workers received a fresh anointing of the Spirit and a glowing vision of future blessing for our Miyang Church. When two years later we had our next baptismal examination, the candidates were not only able to answer the questions of their catechism, but also to give a clear testimony of salvation. But that was not all! I fully believe that it was during and as a result of those three precious weeks of waiting upon God, that He began a work which, like an everwidening and everdeeping stream, has continued throughout all the years that followed and of which the last five, which we were privileged to spend on the field, 1940-44, proved to be the crowning ones.

When we returned to our field at the close of 1939, the third year of the Sino-Japanese war, a time when looking at things from a material standpoint, "Hope seemed against hope," Rom. 4:18. We found our church in the midst of a glorious revival, Not a series of

ordinarily so-called revival meetings, but in a mighty revival movement in which the Lord himself was working in a most marvelous way. From different directions and from many lips came the good news of precious souls being saved, of wonderful healings experienced in answer to prayer, and of demons cast out in Jesus' Name. The great joy which in spite of the most distressing circumstances, beamed from the radiant faces of our dear Christians was ample proof that their testimonies were genuine, and that they were walking in the joy and comfort of the Holy Ghost. During the five happy years which followed, this spirit of revival continued unabated. In many parts of our field converts were truly springing up "like willows by the watercourses," as the Lord, according to his promise, was graciously pouring out his Spirit upon our spiritual seed, and his blessing upon our out-station offspring.

When in April of 1944 we were obliged to leave the field because of the prevailing war conditions, fifteen new preaching places had been added, thus doubling their former number, that of the year 1939, when we returned to the field. This was due to the large and ever multiplying number of converts through whose fervor and zeal these stations had been opened.

At our last baptism held in the fall of 1943, we had the great joy of receiving 197 of these new converts at one time. It was indeed a happy occasion, notwithstanding the taxing examination held on the preceding day. This lasted from eight in the morning until ten o'clock at night with only brief intervals for dinner and supper. What a great privilege it was to listen to their clear ringing testimonies of God's saving grace! Their plain and positive answers to such questions as, "Are you saved? Are you sure that you are saved? When and where were you saved? How do you know that you are saved? Have you led any others to Christ?" usually asked at such times, left no room for doubt as to the genuineness of their experience. They were saved and they knew it, though perhaps not all could tell the exact time or date.

The testimonies of our Soa Chuang Christians, where during the

previous year the Holy Ghost had been poured out in a special way, were perhaps the most inspiring of all. But even of these we can quote only two or three, given by men who, incidentally, all bore the same surname of Li.

One of these men who formerly owned two hundred acres of land, which through his opium, cigarettes, and gambling habits had already been reduced to two, so that he felt compelled to open an opium and gambling den to make a living, is the most outstanding. Through the power of God he was drawn to the meetings, and was soon under deep conviction of sin. In response to his question, "Is Jesus able to save a wretch like me?" asked at the very first meeting which he attended, he was assured that Jesus was able to save, and that to the very uttermost. This led him to give up his sin and to trust him for salvation. Immediately after the meeting he went home, threw out his false gods, and announced to his family that from henceforth he would believe in Jesus. The Lord graciously met his faith by completely taking away all his craving for opium, cigarettes and gambling. He also enabled him to close his opium den, to pay all of his bad debts, and to cancel those of his former customers, as he did not want any more of the devil's unrighteous mammon. He at once became a living testimony in his community to the grace of God, and a happy follower of his Lord and Saviour.

Another conversion almost equally remarkable was that of Mr. Li, No. 2, well known throughout his entire community for his violent temper and also his habitual cursing. His temper was so bad that at one time he had spent four entire days and nights in a family row with his father until completely worn out. When he first heard the Gospel he despaired of the Lord even being able to save a man as wicked as he. But while still in this very state of mind the Lord appeared to him in a vision, saying: "You come to me and I will save you." He at once fell in with this proposal, was blessedly saved, and has been a meek, peaceful neighbor and dutiful son ever since.

The conversion of Mr. Li, No. 3, was of an entirely different nature. He was a poor illiterate shepherd, still in his twenties, who

dearly loved his sheep. At the time of the meetings three of these had been stolen from his fold. This was to him a considerable loss, causing him no little anxiety. In the good providence of God, however, this was to result in the finding of another sheep far more precious than those which he had lost. While still grieving over these the Holy Spirit flashed into his mind a comforting chorus, revealing Christ as the Good Shepherd, seeking his lost sheep, through which he was not only comforted concerning his own sheep but also became one of Christ's. With this chorus by means of which he was saved he also received the spiritual gift of song through which many other choruses have been given him since. These he usually sings and teaches at their Sunday services. This same gift has also been bestowed upon a number of others, mostly illiterates, in different parts of our field, their songs often being used of God to the salvation and edification of those attending the services.

The outstanding feature of this five year revival can easily be summed up under four headings 1. Prayer, 2. Witnessing, 3. Singing, and 4. Giving.

1. *Prayer*. In many parts of the field prayer has truly become their vital breath. In Soa Chuang where the revival was most prominent, a number of days had been spent in fasting and prayer by several of their leaders before the revival began.

2. *Witnessing*. This seems to be the natural outflow of their overflowing hearts. As one keeps telling another of their newly found salvation, the Gospel keeps spreading like a prairie fire until whole villages and communities are thus set aglow.

3. *Singing*. The choruses and the singing of Psalms and other Scripture portions now so prevalent in many parts of China is another means by which the Gospel is being preached to thousands in that land, and one which has also proven most effectual.

4. *Giving*. The spirit of giving which, praise God, has been so bountifully poured out upon our Miyang Church, will be dealt with more in detail in part two. This grace of giving, I fully believe, is one

of the greatest proofs of real conversion; for when souls have truly given themselves to the Lord, all they have usually goes with it. When people are filled with the Spirit of Christ, they are filled with the spirit of giving, for "He came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." "He saved others; himself he cannot save" is still the essence of true Christianity, and the way of the cross, which leads to our celestial home.

I shall never cease to praise God for taking us back to China for those last five happy years to witness this crowning answer to those early three weeks and to the many following years of prayer—the bountiful reaping after some thirty odd years of sowing. Though we have had many other seasons of precious revival in the past, as already reported in previous chapters, they were only the earnest of this one, the mercy drops of the coming showers. Like Peter of old, when unable to draw in his net because of the multitude of fishes, we, too, could only stand aside and say, "It is the Lord!" and to him alone be all the glory. In earlier years when catching two or three fishes we might have been tempted to boast of our share of the catch, but during those last years we could only stand aside to see the salvation of our God, and to praise him for his own marvelous working in our midst.

I believe that it was only his goodness and mercy that took us back to China, and that largely in answer to the prayers of our Mi-yang church. They wanted us to share with them the glorious reaping time upon which they had already entered. As we met them either one by one, or in large and small groups after our return to the field, we were usually greeted with a "We're so glad you've come back, as we have all been praying for you and asking the Lord to bring you back." Many by whom we were thus greeted were new converts whom we had never seen before. What a joy these greetings brought to our hearts, and how grateful we were that the Lord had answered their unanimous prayer!

With China in that awful chaotic condition, my own health such that almost everyone who knew me advised me to stay at home, and

I myself feeling rather reluctant, if not unwilling to return, no one but God could ever have taken us back, and perhaps nothing but the united prayers of our dear Chinese could have affected that return. While spending several weeks at Port Huron on our way back my physical condition was such that I did not see how we could possibly go on. After spending a day in prayer and fasting, however, the Lord gave me a promise through which I was greatly encouraged to proceed. It was Psalm 9:13-14. "Thou liftest me up from the gates of death, that I may show forth all thy praise." This was literally fulfilled to me six months later, a month or so after our reaching the field.

After being stricken down with a severe case of flu, which for several days threatened to take my life, I was suddenly awakened early one morning with still another promise surging through my mind. "He knoweth the way that I take; and when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Job 23:10. With this promise I received a fresh infilling of his own divine life, through which I was not only immediately healed of the flu, but also from the nervous trouble with which I had been suffering for several years and which made me shrink from returning while in Port Huron. This gracious restoration was also in answer to the prayers of our Miyang church, which was eagerly looking forward to its mid-winter short term Bible school, which I was expecting to conduct as I had then been absent from the field for several years.

In three days after that gracious touch I was not only ready to open the Bible school on the scheduled date, but to take both of the forenoon and afternoon sessions. Though busy from early morning until late at night I kept growing stronger day by day, so that by the time it closed I felt better than I had for many years. Throughout the entire session, during which the 119th Psalm and the Book of Jude were the main subjects of our meditations, the Lord's presence was very real indeed, giving us a fresh vision of the glory and efficacy of his wonderful Word.

The Lord knew how much I needed his own divine touch for the four or five strenuous years immediately ahead. With several Japanese

invasions, the building of our large new chapel, our annual conferences and short term Bible schools, and with Sunday meetings, daily morning worships, main-station and out-station visits to be shared with our busy Pastor Liu, nothing short of his own divine touch and strength could ever have taken me through. But that was fully sufficient. 2 Cor. 12:9-10. Praise his matchless and worthy Name!

During the four years that followed I could occasionally hear the Chinese on the street make remarks somewhat like this: "Just look at the old pastor (old, meaning reverend); he is already seventy years of age, but seems to be as spry as ever." To God alone be all the glory, for it was to show forth his praise that I was raised from the gates of death after my return.

In closing this part of the chapter it is most gratifying to be able to add that the revival it records is still in progress, and that seven hundred more baptisms have taken place since our exodus from the field. "When God worketh, who or what can hinder?"

PART II.

A REALIZED OBJECTIVE

"As poor, yet making many rich." 2 Corinthians 6:10.

At times we offer up prayers, the expedience of which we might feel tempted to call into question later, but which, when seen in the more mature light of their answer, prove to have been in full accord with the will and purpose of God. Part II is a fair sample of such a prayer.

From the very beginning of our work, in China, a self-supporting, self-propagating native church has been one of its great objectives. The longer I remained on the field, the more I realized that there was only one way in which that objective could be attained, and that was through the curtailment of foreign funds. But this seemed hard to do while we still had plenty of funds to pass on.

The prayer for the withholding of such funds in order that the Miyang Church might have his highest and best, would therefore occasionally make itself felt within my own heart. I somehow

shrank from giving expression to it in an audible way, lest I might not be ready or willing to pay the price which its answer might involve. Several times when reading the third chapter of Acts and arriving at the words spoken by Peter in verse six: "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have, I give," I would find myself praying "Lord, that is just what we need for our Miyang Church; less silver from the missionary and more of such as the Apostle had, namely; the fulness of the Holy Ghost." At times when I would give expression to this desire, my dear wife would say to me: "Dad, you had better be careful; the Lord might some day take you at your word, and give you the desire of your heart, and then you may be sorry." In due time, however, the Lord saw fit to answer this prayer. Our funds began to decrease until we were receiving about one half of what we had received in former years. In spite of this fact we were, with his blessing upon us, still able to meet all of our family expenses as well as to contribute a small amount to the annual budget of the Ebenezer Church. While this, of course, required greater economy all around it also proved to be a real experience of "they that gathered little had no lack," or to put it into other words, a case of "little is much when God is in it." But the best of it all was that through this decrease of our mission receipts the Lord was beginning to answer this particular prayer for our Miyang church. He gave them more of what Peter had, the fulness of the Master's Spirit, which is the spirit of giving while gradually withdrawing the other.

While thus passing through the financial testings of those years I often thought of what my dear wife had said to me and sometimes wondered whether after all I was right in praying that based on Acts 3:6 prayer. As I see it all now, however, I can only praise God for the fruit which those testing times have born. I can see clearly now that it was necessary for us missionaries to become poor for their sakes, that they through our financial poverty might become rich in the grace of giving, 2 Cor. 8:9; or in other words: that through our being thus abased on the one hand, they might learn how to

abound on the other. Phil. 4:12.

During the fall of 1935 while passing through the keenest financial testing experienced up to that time the Lord showed us as never before how well able He was to supply all our daily needs, even when for the time being our support seemed to be almost completely cut off. For nearly a whole month we were practically without any money, and that at the very time of our annual fall meetings, for which we had invited several outside speakers. Beside this we were looking forward to the marriage of Pastor Liu, which was to take place in connection with these meetings, all of which would require additional expenditure on our part. But our faithful God is equal to every emergency, and it was truly wonderful how He took us through this one and how He met our every need from one source or another. Our dear Chinese had never showered us with so many good things to eat as they did during those days. Chickens, fresh and pickled eggs, sweet potatoes, beans, dates, pears, etc., all came in just when they were needed so that we could truly say "we lacked nothing." Even the much needed new hat which I had planned but was unable to purchase for Pastor Liu's wedding day was graciously provided. As he had received two for a wedding gift, one was cheerfully passed on to me.

But what was perhaps most remarkable of all was that on the last day of our fall meetings, the very day before our two out-side guest speakers were to return to their respective fields, we received in answer to prayer an offering just covering the amount that we had hoped to be able to give these brethren before leaving us. This offering also ended that period of our financial testing as more funds began coming in during the following week. I fully believe that it was during that time that our Miyang church made its first great stride toward its self-supporting and self-propagating goal.

While home on our last furlough the reports of their growth in the grace of giving, recorded in Pastor Liu's letter, were most gratifying, again and again filling our hearts with praise for this another precious answer to prayer, regardless of the price that had

to be paid in order to realize it.

Six more years have rolled by since penning the above. Since then our Ebenezer church has become an entirely self-supporting and self-propagating institution. The sacrifice of having to become poor for their sakes in order that they through our poverty might thus become rich had, however, to become still greater. The last five years spent with them, from 1940 to 1944, afforded opportunities for the maturing of this our "we must decrease but they must increase" process. As our homeland funds were being more and more cut off or continued depreciating because of the exorbitant inflation of the Chinese currency, the church was more and more thrown upon its own resources, until finally they could no longer depend upon us, but we on the contrary had to become dependent upon them to a large extent. Through this emergency the Macedonian grace of giving (Cor. 8:15) was poured out upon them in such an abundant measure that, when in 1942 we had finished the building of our large new chapel, they had actually to be restrained from giving as there was already a surplus of \$1,100 in the building fund when the chapel was dedicated. During the year 1943 they gave some \$33,000 towards their Miyang work and its workers apart from what was given in the way of provisions and various other gifts. At the current rate of exchange at that time this sum amounted to about \$1,500 in our U.S.A. currency, which under the existing conditions of war, famine and ever increasing inflation seemed more than they were able to give, humanly speaking.

Almost every Sunday morning would see several hundred dollars in the way of thank-offerings laid upon God's altar as a token of their gratitude for prayers that had been answered, dear ones that had been healed, or for souls that had been saved or in some way had been liberated from the power of Satan. It was refreshing, indeed, to see them come down the aisles with their offerings in their hands to hear them give their testimonies, and to see the joy on their faces as these offerings were presented.

What seemed to us the very climax of all their giving was when

we received a letter from Pastor Liu in February of 1946, forwarded by one of our missionary friends and containing a check of \$26.15, the equivalent of \$34,000 in Chinese inflation currency. This was the proceeds of their last Christmas offering sent to us by the unanimous vote of the Miyang church together with the expression of their regrets that it would have to dwindle down to such a small amount by the time it reached us.

The effect which this offering and the accompanying letter had upon us can hardly be described, for we knew only too well the love and self-sacrifice that had prompted this Christmas offering. It truly reminded us of Mary's alabaster box of precious ointment, and of the water from Bethlehem's well brought to David by his three mighty men, and made us feel entirely unworthy of such a gift. We believe that they have truly learned to realize that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

PART III.

THE ERECTION OF A LARGE CHAPEL IN TROUBLOUS TIMES

"And they said, Let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for the good work." Nehemiah 2:18.

For years we had been talking of building a larger and more commodious chapel as the old one accommodated only two or three hundred people, and one at least twice that size was desperately needed. While home on our last furlough the old chapel had been bombed, and that beyond repair. This was accepted by the church as God's challenge to build a larger one. It was, therefore, not long after our return before our building program for this larger chapel was proposed and put into operation.

Though it seemed almost presumptuous to enter upon such an undertaking at such a time as that, the Lord gradually led on until in the spring of 1941 the building was finally begun. The following extract from our January *Echoes* of 1943 will give the balance of this chapel story, which like the walls of Jerusalem had to be built in troublous times.

For almost two whole years after the foundation of this chapel had been laid about four feet high our building program had to be completely suspended. Two enemy invasions, the general unsettled conditions of the country, the enormous and ever increasing cost of labor and building materials, as well as the lack of funds with which to go forward, were some of the seemingly insurmountable obstacles in our way; while the tall weeds, flourishing in the chapel enclosure and on the walls and brickpiles surrounding it seemed to mock and accuse us because of our unfinished task. But praise God! He is still able to cause the mountains to flow down at his presence, and to make a way in the wilderness for those who put their trust in him. About a year or so after our building program had been discontinued, and we were wondering where the materials and funds were to come from, a day of special prayer and fasting was appointed to wait upon God for further light and guidance upon this problem. His own precious promise, "Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of Jehovah which he will work for you," so markedly quickened to us at the beginning when He first gave us the vision or pattern of the new building, spurred us on to lay hold upon him in a new way, and to again encourage our hearts in him. While engaged in earnest prayer before the throne of grace that day He seemed to say to me almost as clearly as if audible: "The materials still needed for the chapel are already on the premises. If you take down the upper story of the girls' school building, you will have about all that you need to finish it." While the task of taking down that upper story was by no means a small one it was God's answer to our prayer, and his own solution to our building problem. With his help and blessing this entire upper story, which had been somewhat damaged by the bombing and out of use ever since, was taken down by several of our young men within a few months' time, and with the exception of a few roof timbers, afforded all the materials necessary to complete our chapel.

The next problem that needed to be faced was the budget necessary for the labor. For this we had only a little over one thou-

sand dollars in Chinese money on hand, whereas the amount needed to complete the building came to over ten times that sum. From the time that the building had been discontinued until it was again resumed, labor had gone up from 60 cents to \$12 per day and still kept advancing as we proceeded, and at the same time a famine was staring us in the face. But praise God! He not only enabled us to complete the walls, the task we had set before us as the next stage of our building program, but to finish the entire chapel, and that within the brief span of about three and a half months. And then when all was finished we still had as large a balance on hand as the amount with which we began. This surely was nothing short of a mighty miracle of his sacrificial love in the hearts of our cheerful givers as well as of his own unchanging faithfulness to which this new chapel shall ever stand as a monument.

Through the sale of twelve iron beds, formerly used in our girls' school, for about \$30 local currency we realized \$2,500. Our faithful mule, bought for \$175 for the hauling of our chapel materials two years previous, sold for \$800. Seven bushels of wheat, bought at \$157 per bushel, had gone up to \$400 by the time it was needed to pay the workmen's wages, while the free-will offerings, which in answer to prayer came flowing in like a river, kept increasing our budget until it more than covered all our need. Like in the building of the tabernacle, Ex. 36:2-7, the people had to be restrained from bringing in still more. One of our city Christians, a young business man who gave the first large offering of \$100, the first-fruits of the hundreds which followed it, at the same time also testified to the following interesting experience which led him to give this amount. As his business had been rather dull for some time, thus causing him considerable anxiety as to the future, he decided to make an agreement with the Lord to the effect that, if He prospered his sales to the extent of a \$100 during that week, he would give him the whole amount for the chapel. The Lord graciously met this proposal and thus with his face beaming with joy it was laid on his altar the following Sunday. A number of our Chris-

tians, who had moved to other provinces, sent in their offerings, amounting from \$40 to \$100 each, while several of our fellow-missionaries and homeland friends made up the balance.

It might be of further interest to mention a few of the prices of the various materials when they were bought and what they amounted to when put into the chapel building. For instance the bricks, formerly bought at one-half cent each for our girls' school building, amounted to 50 cents a piece when used for the chapel. The timbers, flooring, lath, etc., bought for several hundred dollars, had they been bought at that time could hardly have been secured for fifty times that amount. The price of the nails taken from that building, formerly bought for about thirty to thirty-five dollars, were valued at several thousand. The window glass, purchased for \$135 only two years before, had in this short time gone up to two or three thousand; while our lime, of which we had to use some 15,000 catties, had advanced from three and one-half cents to the incredible amount of \$1.50 per catty from the time it was purchased until it was used. I might also add that our mission well, drilled at the cost of about \$400 some years previous meant the saving of about \$1,000 in water carrying during our building season. How gracious of our faithful God in making provision for these materials long before they were needed, and what a precious lesson in the way of our spiritual preparation for the future these figures teach us!

The wonderful way in which some of our workers stepped into the gap when due to the ever advancing cost of living the masons threw up their still unfinished contract, and the way the Lord anointed them for their task is another thing worthy of mention. One of our men, who had never handled a mason's trowel or a glass-cutter before, laid the entire chapel floor and cut all the glass needed for the windows. One or two served as carpenters, putting the glass into the sash and the sash into the frames, while several others laid the brick walks, etc. Surely the Lord was in our building enterprise and more than fulfilled the promise He gave us before we began.

You can well imagine our great joy when on December 6th the chapel was finally finished and dedicated to him who gave it, and so faithfully took us through all the conflicts of the building season. Over one thousand people were present at these services and at the three days' meetings immediately following. And what a time of blessing it was! Everybody was happy and praising the Lord for their new chapel in which they had had such a liberal share, as well as for the privilege of having another large gathering of that kind, of which for lack of proper building capacity they had been deprived for several years. And oh, what a relief for us at the main-station at last to have a building sufficiently large enough to accommodate all that desired to come and not to have to see any turned away because of such a lack! And how our hearts went out to God in prayer, that He would make this chapel a real Bethel to many needy souls where they may find him, and where hungry ones might ever be fed on the bread of life.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE STORY OF OUR EXODUS FROM CHINA A MULTIPLICATION MIRACLE

"Who am I, O Lord Jehovah, and what is my house, that thou hast brought us thus far?" 2 Samuel 7:18.

"What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" Psalm 116:12.

"I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth." Psalm 34:1.

It was on April 1, 1944 that we received a long distance telephone call from one of our neighboring Chu Ma Tien friends, stating that in view of the pending major Japanese invasion our American consul had urgently requested all Honan missionaries to

leave the province as speedily as possible, to proceed to Sian, Shensi for safety, and to bring with them as much as possible of their personal effects. As we had been eagerly looking forward to the carrying out of our program and were entirely ignorant of these Japanese plans, this news came to us like a bolt out of the clear sky, and hence resulted in little or no sleep that night. We had no intention or desire to leave our work, and had only about one thousand Chinese dollars, then exchanging for \$25 in gold, on hand with which to proceed. This was hardly sufficient to settle our Miyang accounts, to say nothing of the proposed journey to Sian which alone with the existing inflation prices would require thousands of Chinese dollars, not to mention any further expenses that might arise later.

On the following Sunday, April 2, Isaiah 52:12, "They shall not go out with haste or by flight," was given to both Mrs. Nowack and me. From this we gathered that we were not to leave hastily, neither to wait until it was necessary to flee. As a result we decided to gradually begin packing on Monday so as to be ready to leave at any time if necessary. On Wednesday after three days of busy packing, etc., when we were almost tired enough to drop in our tracks, a missionary brother, passing through our city, assured us there was no need of hurrying and that we had better wait a few days for further news. This we were only too glad to do, and accordingly stopped our packing and rested that afternoon. On Thursday a heavy rain began to fall and continued several days thus making it doubly clear that we were not to go that week. In the meantime we quietly continued our packing so as to be ready to start as soon as the weather and roads would permit, and also had the joy of selling our sewing machine for the handsome price of \$20,000 Chinese inflation dollars or \$500 in gold. This would at least pay our traveling expenses as far as Sian, and once there we could sell all of our personal effects, if necessary, to meet any further emergencies.

It was not easy to leave our dear Christians who, having heard of our contemplated departure, came into our room weeping and could be comforted only by the expressed hope of a speedy victory

and our possible return to them in the fall. Early on the morning of April 14th, when with our five wheel-barrows and a faithful brother to accompany us, we were finally ready to enter upon our long overland journey, a large number gathered on the mission premises to see us off, and I dare say they never had seemed more precious to us than they did that morning. Their liberal gifts, amounting to almost 2,000 Chinese dollars, or \$50 in gold, to be used for road money deeply touched our hearts. Though they knew the amount we had realized from our sewing machine they were still determined to add their share, knowing better than we what that journey would cost us. Many of our church officers and other Christians accompanied us to a place familiarly known as "Parting Corner," several li out of the city where they sang one of their favorite choruses as a farewell:

Then forward still, 'tis Jehovah's will,
Though the billows dash and spray;
With a conquering tread we will push ahead,
He'll roll the sea away.

That precious little chorus rang in our ears all the journey, and we are sure they couldn't have chosen a more appropriate one.

The trip to Sian, Shensi, was made in about two weeks, six days by barrow, seven by pull-carts to Loyang, where after a three days' stop we boarded the train for the journey westward. This journey was anything but easy on the flesh. As a result of heavy rains the barrow roads were unusually muddy and rough. The eight pull-carts with their inflated tires engaged for the auto roads at Yeh Hsien where we joined up with two Chu Ma Tien friends on the sixth day had to be mended every now and then, thus greatly retarding our progress over the otherwise smooth auto roads. The railway journey from Loyang to Sian, usually made in twenty-four hours, required about two and one-half days. On the pull-cart journey enemy planes were seen flying overhead now and then and the explosion of bombs was heard at several places. At one place which we passed several bombs had fallen on a caravan of ox-carts, killing a number of their animals. At the beginning of the seven days' stretch of road the Lord

gave me Psalm 78:53: "He led them on safely," and several stanzas of a comforting hymn which I had committed to memory during my boyhood days. When we were nearing Loyang, the terminus of our seven day auto road, from whence because of the continual sounding of air-raid alarms and several recent bombings, an almost unbroken procession of laden animals, ox-carts, barrows, rickshaws and auto trucks were pouring forth, we found it hard to persuade our cart-men to proceed and to enter the city due to their fear of being commandeered by the military inside. After considerable entreaty, however, and the assurance of our protection as far as we were able to give it, they finally yielded and took us in.

The three days spent in that city were characterized by constant air-raid alarms and our running to and from the dugouts of the Lutheran Mission premises where we were staying. But even there in the midst of all these distressing conditions our Good Shepherd "prepared a table before us in the presence of our enemies" by sending in several of our American service men, who kindly treated us to a fair-sized can of tomatojuice, a tin of Kraft cheese, and two large slates of milk chocolate, none of which we had tasted for several years. And oh how we did enjoy it all!

On the following morning at five o'clock we were suddenly alarmed by the drone of an enemy plane right over our house, and before we had time to dress several bombs, no doubt intended to hit our building, had been dropped on the mission premises. But praise the Lord! He did not permit them to hit their mark.

Though the trains had ceased to run regularly and only at night when they did to avoid being bombed, we succeeded in leaving Loyang on the third night after our arrival. As the panic stricken crowds of refugees endeavoring to leave the city were almost unmanageable we were obliged to board the train by being shoved through the open window of an armoured car while our baggage was pushed in after us. Even so, the car was soon packed to its utmost capacity so that we were hardly able to move and had to sit in an upright position on a rather narrow seat all night. There were almost

as many on top of the cars as inside, and one wonders how they could manage to stay there without falling off. As we could travel only by night we were obliged to spend the two days in tunnels, both of which were long enough to accommodate the entire train. The first day spent in that tunnel was anything but a joke. With the thermometer already up to ninety, the smoke and soot of the engine pouring in through the open windows, and about a dozen or so adding their cigarette fumes to that, and with the cries of six or seven babies on top of it all the situation was certainly "a pandemonium right," and one day of this kind was quite sufficient. On the second day we managed to scramble out of our car to enjoy the beautiful mountain-side with its invigorating fresh air and cool shade.

We arrived at Sian, our supposed place of safety, on the following noon, to be greeted by the sound of sirens as we left the train and were ushered into the station dugout immediately. Late in the afternoon we managed to get into the city where we were welcomed to the premises of the Scandinavian China Inland Mission; we praised God for having brought us thus far alive.

A few days later, when the Japanese were reported already to be heading towards Sian and the sirens were sounding almost daily, our United States consul urged that we go on to Chungking instead of remaining in Sian as we had originally planned. It seemed very necessary, therefore, that we dispose of our personal effects, the value of which hardly exceeded \$300 in our American currency, as that was the only way of meeting our further expenses should it be necessary to continue our journey from Chungking. Under the circumstances going home to the States seemed to be the only course open to us. Then, too, as we would be allowed to take only thirty-three pounds each by plane, it was necessary that we dispose of the rest. Accordingly, they were put on sale by an experienced committee, who under the blessing of God and in spite of the disturbed conditions realized the gratifying sum of about one hundred thousand Chinese inflation dollars or \$2,500 in gold. This amount with several installments of offerings from the homeland and a number from interested friends

in China was sufficient to take us through to Watertown and even left a "few baskets of fragments" with which to begin our house-keeping.

We left Sian with a large company of other missionaries and their children for Pao Chi, the terminus of the Lung Hai Railway, arriving there on the following morning. From there we secured further traveling accommodations to Chungking on open autotrucks loaded with baggage with ourselves sitting on the top. This novel journey required nine days. There were eight trucks with about twenty passengers on top of each, and what a jam it was! Much of the baggage had to be taken off every night and reloaded the next morning, and every morning passengers had a regular fight to get their things back onto the auto and themselves comfortably reperched on the top. At night there was the same wild scramble for accommodations at the inns, as each stopping place seemed to be more congested than the one before. And what a clamor for the almighty dollar all the way through!

At some places the very atmosphere fairly seemed to reek with the stench of covetousness. Their prices were almost incredulous. At one place our supper alone, which consisted of nothing more than a bowl or two of rice with two or three dishes of vegetable and meat, amounted to over \$100 apiece, while the tea was \$5.00 extra whether for one bowl or more. The nights' lodgings were in proportion. In one place we had to pay \$80 a night for a dark attic room about eight by eight feet with nothing but an old door for a bed and a rickety table as its furniture. It all somehow reminded me of Psalm 124:2-3: "If it had not been Jehovah who was on our side, then had they swallowed us up alive."

But, praise the Lord, there was also a bright side to that journey. The beautiful, picturesque mountain scenery through which it led could hardly be excelled anywhere. The winding roads, the rocky precipices, the majestic cedars, many of which were reputed to be over a thousand years old, and the terraced rice fields all along the way more than made up for the inconveniences and hardships of the

journey.

We finally arrived at Chungking on the 27th of May where we again had better food and more comfortable accommodations. While there we stayed at The Friend's Center, formerly known as the Canadian Mission Agency, where we spent five happy weeks with a number of other missionaries waiting for our plane, in the meantime transacting our consular and other important business. Our Chungking expenses amounted to \$460 per day for board and room, which seemed very reasonable in comparison with the prices charged on the road where at one place we had to pay fifteen dollar for the frying of seven eggs furnished by ourselves.

We were booked to leave Chungking by plane on June 22, but after several disappointments finally got off on July 2nd. During that one week the plane fare went up from \$11,000 to \$14,500 each, thus calling for an additional amount of \$7,000. We, nevertheless, greatly enjoyed "crossing the hump" at a height of about 14,000 feet. As we sailed along and Mrs. Nowack asked me how I felt, I told her I felt just like flying. To look down through the rift in the clouds from that dizzy height to the wooded mountains, winding streams, dotted villages, and terraced fields below was certainly a wonderful spectacle to behold. That same evening after a twelve hours flight we arrived at Calcutta where we enjoyed a good lunch of cocoa, sandwiches and cake at the Lee Memorial Home.

Our stay in that great city was very brief, only three days, owing to the congestion of the home as well as the pressure of getting on to Bombay to complete the transaction still necessary for Mrs. Nowack's immigration visa. We arrived there on July 7th after a three days' journey by rail, where after considerable phoning, etc. the American Express finally found a lodging for us in the vestibule of a Seventh Day Adventist church in the vicinity of which we were able to secure a good boarding place several days later. As there were already three hundred missionaries awaiting sailing in Bombay, the prospects for a speedy departure did not seem very bright, and it was not until after seven weeks of waiting that we

finally got off. During that time we had a fair sample of India's rainy season—and it surely did rain—and also enjoyed a variety of her good fruits and vegetables. The splendid fare offered by our generous boarding place, conducted by Miss Drescher, as well as our little room at the S. D. A. Church afforded us a quiet and much-needed period for rest and recuperation. While there we also met quite a number of our Indian brothers and sisters in the Lord whom we learned to love greatly.

On August 31st we finally went aboard the navy transport, General Butner, a fine large vessel rebuilt less than a year before and known as one of the best on the Pacific. There were about four thousand on board of which the large majority were returning service men and about two hundred or more missionaries, largely from China. We had a most delightful trip, stopping at Melbourne, Australia, and then touching at New Caledonia and several other ports of the New Hebrides Islands.

The best part of this entire voyage was our landing at San Diego, California, where our returning service men were welcomed into the harbor amidst a cloud of waving handkerchiefs and by the music of several bands. It made me think of the time when Christ's faithful soldiers shall be welcomed home into the everlasting Kingdom of the Lord and Saviour. God grant that it may be an abundant entrance for each one of us.

We greatly enjoyed our two weeks stay in California where we spent our first three days with Mother Suppes, superintendent of the Missionary Community in Glendale, and the remainder with our good old friends, Miss Ratzer and Mrs. Graves of Hollywood, who have had such a large share in our China work from its very beginning. It seemed a rather remarkable coincident that we should arrive at the home of these friends on October 10th, the thirty-ninth anniversary of our first sailing for China, which was entirely financed by Miss Ratzer and her good uncle, Mr. Orr, now in the glory.

Another happy event in connection with this anniversary was

a Chinese feast given by our Sister Taylor, already in her eightieth year but still well and strong, who had sailed with us for China on that same vessel. This feast was also shared by Misses Applegate and Arnold of Chu Ma Tien, Sister Taylor's old station, who were also friends of ours and had been our fellow-travelers all the way home from China.

We left California on the 20th of October, stopping off four days at Tucson, Arizona and three days at Wheaton, Illinois. At Wheaton we had the great joy of again meeting our daughter, Mary Pearl, whom we had not seen for five long years.

We finally arrived at Watertown, Wisconsin, my old home, at 7:00 P. M., October 30th, where we found our good brother Carl and sister Cornie at the railroad station to meet us and to extend to us their hearty "welcome home."

As usual our Good Shepherd who came with us all the way had also gone before by enabling our brother Carl to take over a complete outfit of splendid household furniture, and to have in readiness for us a cozy little flat for which these furnishings seemed especially adapted.

As we looked back over those six months or more of journeying mercies to that little balance of 1,000 Chinese dollars or twenty-five American dollars, which we had on hand when we received our consul's marching orders, and think how wonderfully the Lord multiplied that small sum as we went forward by faith in his Name, we could not but bow our heads and hearts in grateful worship and praise.

Though the trip from Miyang to Watertown amounted to about \$3,500 gold, or \$140,000 in Chinese inflation currency, it still left us a sufficient balance with which to begin housekeeping at this end. In addition to this several copious showers of all kinds of provisions and other much needed household articles were tendered to us soon after our arrival by our good Watertown relatives and church friends, not only meeting our immediate needs but also affording a bountiful supply for some months to come.

The year 1945, following our arrival at Watertown, was a very happy one, indeed. During that year we had the great joy of welcoming into our happy home our four missionary children: Ruth, Esther (Mrs. Hess), Helen and Ray (Mr. and Mrs. Frame), all of whom we had not seen for some years.

Though Helen and Ray and their two dear children, Katherine and Raymond Jr., aged four and one, whom we had not seen before, were on their way back to China and could therefore remain with us only ten days, we were grateful indeed for even this brief visit and glad to hear of their safe arrival in China several months later.

Ruth and Esther were still in China when we sailed from Bombay: Ruth at her mission station in Fowyang, Anhnei, back of the Japanese lines over which she was later flown by an American plane, and Esther an internee of the Wei Hsien Concentration Camp from which she was liberated on that happy V. J. Day of August 17, 1945.

Both of the girls were with us for a number of months, glad to enjoy a bit of home life with mother and dad, where they could rest and recuperate while gradually getting ready for another term of service in China. All three of the girls, including Mary Pearl, who had been repatriated from the Wei Hsien Concentration Camp the year before our return, were with us for the Christmas holidays of 1945, and what a happy time we did have!

The various blessings enumerated in this chapter, like those recorded in the preceding ones, were the answers to many prayers, and to our faithful prayer-hearing, and prayer-answering God be all the glory!

CHAPTER XXVI.

CLOSING TESTIMONY, CONFESSION, AND PRAISE

"Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice." Psalm 63:7.

All the way my Saviour leads me;
What have I to ask beside?
Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my Guide?

As I have been reviewing the answers to prayer recorded in this volume, as well as the many others that have had to be left unrecorded, my thoughts involuntarily reverted to the 78th Psalm, that wonderful portion of Scripture with its two clear portraits: one of Israel's faithful prayer-hearing God, and the other of their own unbelieving, rebellious and hardened hearts. What a marked contrast between the "they, their, and theirs," referring to Israel, and the gracious "but He," referring to God which we find recurring all through the psalm; and how very precious that closing verse, "So he was their shepherd according to the integrity of his heart, and guided them by the skillfulness of his hands."

In reference to Israel I believe verses 8, 9, and 57 of the psalm vividly portray their outstanding weaknesses and characteristics, pointing out clearly their unbelief, obstinancy, and hardness of heart. "A generation that set not their heart aright, and whose spirit was not steadfast with God," who "being armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle," and who also "were turned aside like a deceitful bow."

When years ago I first read this psalm and others like it I would feel most indignant over this unbelieving attitude on the part of Israel and wondered why the Lord didn't destroy them root and branch, right then and there. As I have, however, been reading and

studying it during my later years in the light of my own experiences, I have seen in it the portrait of the natural heart in general and have often wondered how, after all that He has done for me throughout these many years, I could still be guilty of giving way to a single doubt, fear, or murmur. But oh, how I praise him that *He* is what He is, and for all of his wonderful grace as portrayed in this precious psalm. I realize more and more that what He has done for me, or through me, during the fifty odd years since I first learned to know him, has in no wise been due to any merits of my own, but that on the very contrary all these blessings have come to me in spite of what I have been and because of what He still is, the God of all grace 1 Peter 5:10.

As I now look back to the time when I first stepped out as a missionary to China with a frail body, a limited education, and without the pledge of any human support, I realize more than ever that there was only one thing that ever could have induced and enabled me to take that step, and that was the unmistakably clear and irresistible call of God. Gal. 1:15-16. When He raises up and thrusts forth a laborer, He is with the laborer, and I can also testify that his assuring Word, "Go in this thy might. . . . have not I sent thee?" is always sufficient to take those whom He thus calls and thrusts forth through all that He has called them for. Judges 2:18; 6:14.

I still remember how years ago some of my good and well-meaning friends would say to me. "Brother Nowack, it is all right to live this way now (meaning by faith), but what are you going to do when your children are grown up and will need their college education? What about the future of your work? Who will look after that when you are gone or unable to carry on any longer? And what about yourself? What is going to become of you when you are old, with no board or society to look after you and you are no longer able to work for the Lord? Who is going to take care of you then?" I am glad to be able to say that all of these questions have already been satisfactorily answered:

1. That my three older girls have already finished their college,

Bible school, or hospital training and have all gone back to the Lord's service in China, while the youngest, Mary pearl, is now a sophomore in Wheaton College.

2. That the Ebenezer Mission, which it was my privilege to found and to carry forward until we left China, has, as already recorded in the previous chapter, reached its goal of self-support and self-propagation, and is now going forward without my supervision. I might also add that such missionary supervision as was still deemed necessary for its future welfare and stability in case of our death or retirement from the field was, in so far as possible, duly made a year or more before we were obliged to leave the field.

3. As to the remaining question or questions, concerning our old age, I believe I can safely say that in as far as "faith is the evidence of things not seen" as well as "the substance of things hoped for," the answer to these questions, though not yet entirely realized, is nevertheless just as fully assured as those to the others.

Isaiah 46:5 gives us God's own infallible and reliable answer, "Even to old age I am he, and even to hoar hairs I will carry you; I have made, and I will hear; yea, I will carry, and will deliver."

E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And then when gray hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

In addition to this promise quoted in prose and poetry, I would also like to add the following poem entitled *El Shaddai*, meaning all-sufficient God.

Deep down into the depths of this Thy Name,
My God I sink, and dwell in calm delight:
Thou art enough, however long the day;
Thou art enough, however long the night;
Thou art my God—The All-Sufficient One,
Thou canst create for me whate'er I lack;
Having Thyself, I have a sure supply.

Thy mighty hand has strewn the backward track
With miracles of love and tender care
For me, Thy trusting one, my God I dare
Once more to fling myself upon Thy breast,
And there adore Thy ways, in faith's deep, quiet rest.

In closing this my testimony to the faithfulness of a prayer-hearing God, it is with the prayer that it may prove a vital factor in the fulfilment of his promise, "They shall still be bearing fruit in old age," Ps. 92:14, sent to me by my dear daughter Ruth two years ago for my seventieth birthday. My hope is that, if it be his will, I may be privileged to serve him a little longer, and that these sunset years of my life may be the best and most fruitful of all.

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